NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

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AGENTS.

Portland—Messrs Colman & Chisholm.
Newport—B. H. Williams, Water-street.
Machias Port, (Me.)—Jonathan Marston.
Montpelier, (Vt.)—George Walton.
Matanzas—Charles P. Butler.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE IRISH BOY'S STORY,

AS-RELATED BY HIMSELF.

Founded on occurrences which happened in Ireland, subsequent to the last rebellion in that country.

'My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.'
GOLDSMITH.

I saw a man, methinks I see him now,
With visage pale and deeply furrow'd brow;
With frame unnerved by many years of care,
Which bow'd his head and whitened all his hair.
The lustres of his eyes, in youth so bright,
Had faded like the stars of yesternight,
Though not like them to sparkle yet again,
When sable night renews her stilly reign.
The fire, which once in them so brightly burn'd,
May ne'er relight his early youth return'd;
But as each tedious, toilsome day drags on,
Another, and another beam is gone,
Leaving them dim, and still more dim to grow,
Till his sojourn is finished here below.

His hoary locks I fancied once were fair,
And traced young beauty in his cheeks' despair;
Portray'd the man, the wreck of whom I saw,
And then deplored our nature's cruel law:
A law requiring such a ruin made,
As there so sadly, forcibly display'd.

Coarse was his dress, and badly soil'd and torn,
Much like the limbs on which 'twas fitly worn;
Fitly at least, if fitness had been sought
Between the body and apparel bought.
His worthless pack, for such it seem'd to me,
Was from his back unlash'd that he might be
Unburthen'd of its weight awhile, and rest
His tired frame, by heat and toil oppress'd.
An oaken staff was lying by his side,
Which serv'd his weary, faltering steps to guide,
Or to sustain his weak and aged form
Against the peltings of the drenching storm.

Old man, methought, as thus he fix'd my gaze,
Thou'lt number but a few more toilsome days,
Ere thou wilt give to life the parting hand
And take thy leave to seek a spirit-land,
Where wise old age and youth's young vigor join'd,
Are into one pure, faultless being coin'd:
A changeless essence which shall ne'er decay,
But through Eternity be as to-day!
And yet, old man, ere thou dost hence depart,
I fain would have thy lips to me impart
A lesson, which I fancy thou canst give,
And one that well may serve me while I live.

Soon he beheld me, and as soon divin'd
What thoughts were upmost in my curious mind:
Perus'd my heart, which beam'd in my young face,
And saw his pangs there occupy a place.
'Come here, young stranger,' said the aged sire!
'I know thy thoughts, I'll grant thee thy desire!

Hast thou a father?' No! I said, and so,
When he did ask, 'hast thou a mother?' And oh!
How wept he when I did say no brother!
'Alas! no brother! no sire! no mother!
But hast thou not a *sister?*' then he cried;
And, weeping as he wept, no, I replied.
'O heavens! O God!' exclaim'd he then,
And partly rising backward fell again,
And swoon'd beneath the agitation deep,
Which then did through his aged pulses leap.

I call'd assistance, which did promptly come,
To summon back the voice which then was dumb;
But life awhile extinguish'd did appear,
And then return'd to ease my anxious fear.

'Do I not dream?' he said, to sense return'd;
'Is it not fancy? something falsely learn'd?
An airy vision? No, no, thank heaven! 'tis true!
My son! my dear, dear son, 'tis you! 'tis you!'
And then he clasp'd me to a father's breast,
And shed fresh tears of joy, then me address'd:

'Dear boy, I'm not the mendicant you thought,
When happily your eye my figure caught;
Nor yet with age am I so feeble quite,
As you did fancy me at that first sight.
Though two-score years and ten, have wing'd their flight,
Since first I saw this earth and its false light,
And though they've worn this brow and dimm'd these eyes,
My strength of frame their bitter wreck defies,
And laughs at time as speeds he on his way,
And changes life to cold inactive clay.

Years since, when thou wert but an infant small,
At freedom's bidding and my country's call,
I buckled on the sword and strove to break
The tyrant's chains that bound her to the stake:
That vain attempt, my country! vain for thee,
Cost thy best blood, nor set thy children free.
Aha! proud Emmett, happier thou than I,
Who didst a martyr in that strugle die!
Wild were the schemes for which we hope indulged—
Wild were the schemes, or rashly then divulged.
Like many of thy band whom battle spared,
For flight, and traitor's doom and shame prepared;
Did I survive, my destined lot to shun
Whate'er the foe design'd or might have done.

Self-exiled then from country, friends, and home,
From wife and child, I sought the angry foam,
And from my native-land away, away,
I wandered many a weary, dreary day.
In other realms, 'neath other skies I saw
The freeman ruled by equal right and law:
I saw the star of Freedom beaming bright,
And happy millions joying in its light:
I heard the voice, I breath'd the air of peace,
Saw thousands sharing in its rich increase,
Beheld abundance strew'd with lib'ral hand
O'er all the length and breadth of a proud land,
And saw that germ imbedded in her soil,
Which cost her founders seven long years of toil.
Then from that scene, that lovely, joyful scene,
I turn'd to our sweet Isle, sea-girt and green.
By Nature surely made in naught less fair,
Nor better form'd oppression's chains to wear.
But oh! instead of joy, pain pierced my heart;
I saw her goaded, and I felt the smart.
I look'd for plenty, and stern want I saw;
For justice look'd, and found a tyrant's law;
For peace and comfort, and lo! these were not;—
I turned away and wept for Erin's lot!

Ay, wept as e'en I see thee weeping now,
And to thy murdered mother's ghost did vow,
Who died beneath the mercenary's knife,
As privy to thy father's rescued life,*
That I would soon the azure waves recross,
And vengeance seek for son's and sire's dear loss.
I hoped that day would come, when I should see
Great Emmett's blood grow up a towering tree,
To shield his country from oppression's storm,
Beneath whose boughs, with hearts as nobly warm,
A host should rally and hurl back the blow,
Which he received from Erin's conscious foe.
But long I look'd, and long, from year to year,
Expected to behold that day appear;
But days and weeks, long months and years roll'd by,
And still enthrall'd I saw my country lie;
Degraded, scorn'd, oppress'd, and worst of all;
Unable to retrieve her wretched fall.

And yet, as true as Truth's eternal power,
The time will come—'*twill come*, my boy! that hour;
When Ireland to a man shall risk and claim
Her plunder'd rights in her great Martyr's name.
When with a giant arm she'll rend her chains,
And scourge Old England for inflicted pains.
Mark then my words! and treasured in thy breast,
Till fitter times let my deep sorrows rest.
To teach thee these, I've taught thee here my boy!
In this false garb, true picture of my joy;
To teach thee these, *thy* wrongs as well as *mine*,
Which other mouths might otherwise define,
And call due punishment for crimes deserved
Against my king and country's weal preserved.
But judge thyself, when grown to man's estate,
The justice, or injustice of my fate;
And then, when thou shalt view thy mother's grave,
And think of thy dead sire beyond the wave,
Act as a son and citizen should do;
Act like a man to God and conscience true.
On me I fear that day will never dawn,
When Ireland's hosts in battle-line are drawn,
To strike that last, that great, decisive blow,
Which sets her free, and lays proud England low.
If so, a wand'rer ever must I roam,
And live, and toil, and die at last, from home.
Yes—I must go, again must I remove—
Adieu sweet land! thy name I'll ever love.
This last embrace, this parting kiss I give—
Farewell my child! for Erin's glory live!
May'st thou be happier than thy father, boy,
Nor see black grief corrode thine every joy!
Live for thy country—may her children tell
That thou wast brave and true—farewell! farewell!'

My falling tears, my throbbing, bleeding heart,
Chok'd up my words, that would reply in part;
And those emotions, which my breast did thrill,
Ran through my frame, and agitate it still;
And still my father's voice I seem to hear,
Bidding me live for Ireland's glory dear.

O now, my sire! gone, gone art thou away
And dost perchance lie mould'ring back to clay;
While I, thy child, do oft deplore thy doom,
And call thy sprite to cheer my hours of gloom.
Where is the time which thou didst say would come?
When shall thy country be no longer dumb,
To painful cries, to outrage and distress
Which, daily heard and seen, demand redress?
O when! my father's spirit answer when!
Shall England's slaves teach England they are men?
Thy son is grieved, grieved with a parent's grief,
And still denied the still much-hoped relief,
His land ancestral all unchain'd to see,
Fair as her daughters are, her sons so free.

As true, thou saidst, as Truth's eternal power,
That time would come, that long, long look'd for hour,
When she would hurl her clanking fetters by,
And haughty England's boasted strength defy.
And it will come—'*twill come*, my sire that day,
When her brave sons shall wipe their shame away;
And when her Emmet's, her great Martyr's name,
Shall head a roll of heroes born of fame.
'Twill come—*must come*—that hour of blood and strife,
When Ireland's watchword, 'Strike for land and life!'
Shall every patriot breast pervade,
And to that last appeal, the sabre's blade,
Rouse up her sons, and bid them strike—strike home,
And then, my sire, the day foretold will come.

* Whoever is familiar with the scenes which ensued upon the ill-success of that rebellion, which cost the noble-hearted Robert Emmet his life, will scarcely need to be informed that many an innocent female, with the sword's point at her breast, was menaced with instant death, unless she exposed a concealed father, husband or brother, to atone for his actions at the price of his blood.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE APOSTATE.

A TALE BY A BACHELOR.

'Hear me my mother Earth! behold it Heaven!
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven;
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied away?'
Byron.

I WELL remember the first time that I saw Walter Mesler, after he had taken orders. It was in the village church where we had so often sat together in the days of our boyhood, and listened, or seemed to listen to the words of truth, for Walter was but an unquiet auditor. The effervescence of youthful spirits could not be controlled, even in that sacred house, and he was then a doubter of the truth of divine revelation, and in the pride of youthful genius questioned the soul's immortality; worshipping nature as his Deity. A German by descent, he had drank deep of the mystical lore of the German schools, and to his eye, the shadow at noonday, and the dancing moonbeams on the water at evening, seemed spirits from another world, and the whispering breeze bore to his ear, voices and sounds unheard by others, and imparted a wild solemnity to his appearance.

It was then with feelings of the deepest surprise, that I saw him arise in the pulpit, and address the congregation. His voice was musical, and it supplied the want of action; for as he stood motionless, with the eloquent reasoning of the gospel pouring from his lips, but for that voice, and the expression of his eagle eye, I could have fancied him some beautiful portrait, standing out in bold relief from the canvass: the whitened wall being in the back-ground; for he was pre-eminently handsome, seeming like some creation of the fancy, rather than a living being. There was power in every sentence, boldness and beauty in every expression, and grace in every flash of his dark eye. When the service was over, and I pressed forward to take my earliest friend by the hand, I was struck with the change, which his descent from the sacred desk had caused. His features were deadly pale, his lips were firmly compressed, and stern as though in anger, and the light of his eye was quenched and gone, and its glare had more of the demon than the man in it. His greeting was cold and distant, and his air so abstracted, that I fancied that his enthusiasm had again led him astray, that he was a fanatic in religion as he had been in infidelity; and that the flame of false zeal had dried up every natural feeling and human emotion.

* * * *

I wish I could describe her. She would have puzzled a painter, for ere he could catch one expression of the exquisitely beautiful features, another glance, and the first expression had faded, and another had succeeded it, and I fear, that like Apelles, he would have only sat and gazed. How then can a bachelor hope to convey an impression to the reader of what she was? Paint her yourself, dear reader, and be neither sparing in your allotment of beauty or graces: She was just such a being as one would dream of, if he should fall asleep in a crowded ball-room of beauty and fashion: She was just such a being, as would have wandered through the brain of D'Israeli, if he were writing a novel, and which he would vainly torture his imagination to portray; but she would be destitute of that vivid writer's happy characteristic—truth and sincerity. She was professedly a Christian, because it was fashionable to be so; and she had vowed to be a missionary, simply because there was romance in it; but she was a coquette—she! I should not perhaps be single. (Confound the cat!—she has sunk her claws into me out of pure affection, or to sharpen them.) Need I say, that the high-souled Walter saw her, and that he—it would be a solecism to say he loved—idolized, adored and worshipped her. Poor fellow, but he was an infidel, and had always predicted his own inevitable madness, and beautiful Hortense (is not that a pretty name ladies? so foreign and Frenchified) was inexorable.

* * * *

It was the prettiest place in the world! The breezes of Heaven always fanned lightly and gently through it; and none but the sweetest and most beautiful of the flowers dare intrude their heads through the lattice, and the garden beyond was so neat, and well arranged; and blossomed so finely, that I am at a loss to say, whether it was most indebted to Dame Nature, or to the quiet old gardener, who is picking his way with the stealthiness of a cat. Tom Moore would have made a paradise of it, (a Mahometan one though, peopled with Fatimas and Ayesha's); I can only say it was pretty!

It was Hortense's temple, and there the little devotee worshipped, and had a worshipper, for Walter Mesler was kneeling at her feet. For the first time in his life, he was choked, and at a loss for words, and the beautiful imagery with which his mind was stored, was to him a chaotic mass. I forget whether it was moonlight or not, but it was as still as though animated Nature slumbered.

'Beautiful Hortense, I implore, I beseech you in pity to speak but one word of hope. But one word, one look, and I shall be happy. I have loved and adored till my poor brain is on fire. Speak, I entreat you!'

'You must be blind indeed, Mr Mesler, not to know my sentiments. I have ever frankly avowed them, and they cannot be unknown. I admire your genius, and your high-souled enthusiasm; your noble character and your sincerity; but I cannot; dare not love one, who is without a God and hope in the world; and who does not place his hopes upon a glorious hereafter.'

'Enough, sweet Hortense, I am convinced. A new light dawns upon my soul; long, long wandering in the mists of error. Those truths which you revere, must be truths indeed!'

There was a long silence, broken only by the audible gasps of the infatuated Walter. Some mighty purpose was laboring in his soul, and his fine features worked in uncontrolable agony. A wild glance, such as a drowning man would give at sky, earth and sea—another at Hortense, and his purpose was taken. He went from her presence like a man in a dream. I wish in the sincerity of my heart that he had never seen her again!

* * * *

Long and bitter was that night to the sleepless Walter. He reasoned with himself; he combatted his own prejudices; he searched his own heart, as he fondly and vainly imagined; long settled convictions were overthrown, and new ones adopted. He prayed earnestly and fervently, but it was not the prayer of the truly penitent, humbling himself for his sins: It was such a petition as Manfred would have breathed when amidst the spirits of the stormy Alps. It was the outbursting of a reckless and uncontrolled spirit, relying upon its own resources, and it smote fearfully his on his own ear. I am not sure but that he prayed rather to Hortense, than to the Eternal!—bitter, mad, blasphemous mockery! It was passion, deep, burning, miserable passion, which stirred within him. But he arose from his knees and thought himself a Christian! He had gained as he imagined, the whole world; but he had lost his own soul! From that day he devoted himself to the study of theology, and the metaphysical nature of his pursuits confirmed him in his error, for it suited his nature.

* * * *

He was again at her side, pale and emaciated with study and incessant watching, with sunken eye and hollow voice.

'Dear Hortense, I stand before you an altered, redeemed man. You have unfolded to me new scenes of happiness; the glorious anticipations of a blessed future, as bright and beautiful as yourself, dear Hortense! I am vowed to the service of the cross, and it is you that can make the thorny path still more pleasant by your gladsome smiles. Hortense, I am thine forever. Can you, will you now bid me hope?'

'You may certainly hope, Walter, but—'

Blessings on you for that! do not say aught that will dim the glorious prospect. I ask no more, but I will *hope* for more. This dear hand,'—but she withdrew it gravely—

'My hand, Mr Mesler, must accompany my heart—'

'I know and feel the truth of that saying, and hear me. Can another love, as I have loved? Can another do as I have done? I ask for both, dear Hortense, for out it will. Will you be the bride of him you have saved?'

Such a mixture of earthly idolatry, with the avowal of higher and holier feelings, would have made a real Christian shrink back: But she paused, hesitated, changed color, rose from her seat, and sat down again, but her voice, though faltering, was distinct, as she answered—

'I will!—till the period of your probation, then, let us part.'

He walked away mechanically. Would he had looked back, to have seen Augustus Fitz Clare, sitting in the seat he had just occupied, devouring that little soft white hand with kisses, interrupted with peals of low laughter.

'He will soon forget me and my promise,' was the apology which she made to her own conscience for her heartless duplicity. 'And then if I should lose dear Augustus!' thought she.

Base, cold-hearted, callous hypocrite! But she *did* 'lose her dear Augustus' and I am glad of it!

* * * *

I have now come, reader, to the point where I commenced my story, and in the last sentence, I have run a little ahead of it. But such ill-natured expressions are so soothing to a crusty bachelor, that I could not resist. Walter had in due time, and after pursuing the usual studies, become the Rev Walter Mesler. I had just heard him preach for the first time, in our village. It was a splendid sermon, a truly noble effort, a powerful display of pulpit eloquence. I shall never forget that discourse—the *First and Last of the Apostate!*

* * * *

You must go with me again to the temple of Hortense, her beautiful and pleasant bower. She sat within it alone. Her cheek rested on her hand, and you could see just enough of it, through the snowy fingers, to mark that it was flushed, and I am not sure, but I think a tear stood in that melting blue eye. She was simply dressed, more simply than she was wont, with scarcely any ornaments—a rose or two in her hair, a sparkling ring on her finger—nothing to speak of. She looked like an angel, but she acted like a woman. I believe it is characteristic of them to be coquettish, so I shall make no qualifications. A book of devotion was before her, but it was upside down, for her thoughts were wandering on Fitz Clare, and lo! he appeared. I cannot deny, that Gus Fitz Clare was a handsome man—a pretty fellow—and *cleverer* than Wat Mesler, but then he lacked a soul most sadly. There was such a careless grace in all his movements—in the arrangement of his clustering mass of black hair—in the fit of his coat, and the tie of his cravat, that a woman might be excused for *liking* him—but [illegible], after acquaintance, his loving him. She blushed, started to meet him then shrank back, sunk into her seat, and burst into tears. Unfortunate meeting! had Fitz Clare delayed his entrance fifteen minutes longer, what wretchedness might have been spared! what agony of spirit; what pangs of a bursting heart, what wreck of youthful hope, might never have been added to the catalogue of human misery! The heart of Fitz Clare, for then he first discovered that he had a heart, was touched. I do not know whether the thought be original, but it is true that a woman's tears possess in reality the fabled virtues attributed to vinegar, in softening rocks. Murat or Robespierre would have melted to see Hortense's tears. He took her hand in his, he did not play carelessly with its rings this time, but he looked tenderly into her melting eyes, and his voice was liquid music. It is possible that he was descanting on Platonic philosophy, though cousin Emma, a wild little flirt of eleven, says he must have been making love. Certain it is, in the heat of argument, he had slipped his arm around her waist, and was silencing some objection to his theory, by covering her lips with kisses. A shadow fell across the seat, a form darkened the entrance, and pale, haggard and wan, Mesler stood before them. One wild shriek, and the wretched girl lay motionless at his feet. A faintness like death came over Walter, but he checked it, and though his lips were colorless as marble, and his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, yet he was calm, unnaturally, sternly calm. [illegible] and she was another's, and the dreams and hopes so fondly cherished in his wild imagination for years, were crushed and blighted. He bore her to a seat, and as she lay lifeless in his arms, he gave one long ardent gaze, and turned away from the maddening sight forever. Fitz Clare was thunderstruck, and stared upon them, as upon some horrid vision.

'She *was* mine, she *is* yours. I have had a fond dream, but it is passed: Take her, cherish her, be to her what I would have been. Oh Hortense! Hortense! why so mock me! But it is passed, and I forgive you!—May the blessings of a minister of the Holy One rest upon you both!'

The last words were uttered in a wild unearthly yell, which sounded more like a curse than a benediction, and placing her passive form in the arms of Fitz Clare, he rushed away.

Slowly and gradually she recovered from her stupor; but when her eyes opened upon Fitz Clare, she averted them with her hand, and turned shuddering away. Fitz Clare pitied her, but his love was gone forever. He carried, rather than led her to the house, and when he had rang for assistance, and she was fully recovered, he departed, and his 'adieu' sounded so chillingly upon her ear, that she sat as though horror had frozen every faculty. Augustus came no more, and a simple note of farewell in the morning, announcing that he had left the country, nearly overthrew her last vestige of reason. A vulture seemed preying upon her heart, and for the first time she prayed, earnestly and sincerely prayed for death to end her sorrows, and to shelter her wretchedness in the tomb.

* * * *

In the depths of a wood, a prostrate form lay before me, writhing like a crushed worm, and the low moans at intervals, seemed like the sighing of the wind amongst the tall trees, or the departing of some wretched spirit. I could have wept tears of blood! Walter Mesler, my earliest friend, the noble, the high-minded, the talented Mesler was before me, a wreck, a victim to his own deep and ardent feelings, his trusting confidence, and his warm enthusiasm, I cursed (God forgive me that sin against the wretched girl) Hortense in bitterness of spirit.

He sprang up quickly, and stood confronting me with a look of fierceness that bordered on the demoniacal, so deadly pale was he and so vivid were the flashes from his dark eyes.

'Curses her! who dares curse Hortense? and before me too, a Christian minister! But down damned hypocrisy, for I am caught, caught worshipping my goddess Nature, in her own outspread temple! How gorgeously beautiful is her shrine, and yet chance made it!—No! no! I meant it not—I am wandering, I believe—I mean that it sprang from an Almighty hand, who yet left man, proud man free—free to act; to become an angel or demon, as his own wild will prompts!—Is not that in my creed?'

It was vain to reason with one so unsettled, and I humored his fancy—and he was himself again, as the beauties of nature made their impression in his imaginative mind. An unfortunate allusion was made, however, and he shot off in a tangent.

'Woman—I have worshipped her! Beauty—I have idolized it! My brain has been on fire with her smile! My soul has bounded within, till I felt that I had an immortal spirit, at the rich melody of her voice! But has the Eternal created her to deceive? No, he has not—she is the offspring of the spirit of evil—the ray that beams across men's path, 'that leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.' No, the Author of Good never formed her wayward mind.—Man, I have loved as never one loved before, but my affections have been slighted, treated as bubbles on the waves of the changing sea—my heart, a plaything and a toy! The God of love implanted no such disposition in the soul. If Religion exists at all in purity, it is in the breast of woman. Yet Hortense—ay, I can yet name that name, was the most absorbed in devotion; the meekest worshipper at the altar; the most stedfast observer of every religious ordinance; and yet she was false, false as hell—a smooth, double tongued hypocrite. Ay, stare on me if you will, spurn me as a wretch, for do you not see the living curse imprinted on my brow?—do you not hear the curses howling in my ears?—I will tell you a secret, a fearful secret,' and he sunk his voice into a hoarse whisper—'I am an unbeliever, an infidel—a wretched, lost, abandoned, accursed Apostate!—ay, an Apostate!'

And he sprang away through the forest, with the word 'Apostate' ringing in my ears, like the notes of a death knell.

* * * *

The quiet stillness, which reigns over a village church, has been so often commented upon, by the pious and the gentle, that I need not describe it. I took my seat as usual in our village church, with a feeling of sadness and depression, for the fate of Walter Mesler bore heavily upon my spirits. He was so richly endowed in body and mind, so good and so gentle! The house was crowded, and our good pastor was early in his seat. Now all was silent as death, and the reverential stillness which reigned, was unbroken by a sigh; when the door opened, and Walter Mesler entered with a firm step, and advanced calmly to the sacred desk—but would not enter, and seated himself on the steps. The strangeness of the action, and the fearful agony which worked in his speaking features, arrested the attention of the congregation. As the services proceeded, low stifled sobs broke from the sufferer, but when the last prayer had ended, and Mesler slowly arose, and stood collected and dignified, every noise was hushed, and every ear was bent to catch his first accents. His voice was low, broken and husky, but fearfully distinct.

'I come to offer myself a sacrifice, as the only earthly atonement I can make. Drop by drop, my heart's blood distilled, while nerving myself to the task, but I am now one in whom every emotion is dried up! I am an outlaw—a thing accursed—a demon! Hunt me if you will, I will not care to rend you;—pour out my heart's blood, it shall freely flow over your altar! A short week since, I appeared before you as a minister—now as a foul, polluted recreant to the faith I taught. A wolf has been in your fold—shun him as you value life—let his example lead no one astray. I am no Christian!—I spurn the title—I renounce and abjure its precepts! The fires of an earthly hell are glowing in my bosom, and they shine out in my wretched aspect—I know it, I feel it—point me out to your children as that awful thing—an Apostate!—an accursed Apostate! Ha! ha! ha!—how I scorn your mummery!'

His head sank on his breast, and he staggered against the wall; but gathering himself up, walked rapidly out of the church. A piercing scream was heard, a heavy fall, and his aged father lay lifeless.

Solemn was the benediction of the servant of God, after that awful scene; and solemn was his warning, as he mourned over the fallen. Walter Mesler saw his father's house no more, and he was missed thenceforth from the village circle. No research or inquiry cast any light upon his fate, and time at length swallowed up every trace of his existence, and shrouded it in mystery.

* * * *

Years rolled by, and the grave had claimed every actor in the foregoing scene. The wretched Hortense died of a broken heart, a sincere believer in the truths of that religion, she had once *professed* only.

Night was settling over the walls of a fortress, as they conveyed the remains of a late distinguished soldier to his grave. He had been brave, rashly brave, and as a commander, he wore his laurels—but they were stained with blood. For blood he had thirsted, as a tiger thirsts for his prey—mercy he knew not, and sacked cities, and the din and carnage of battle was his delight. As they uncovered his face for the last time, a traveller caught its expression, though fixed in death, for he could never forget the village church, and Walter Mesler THE APOSTATE! L.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE OATH OF HANNIBAL.

BY ERNEST BERENGER, ESQ.

'Hamilcar took his young son to the altar and caused him to swear eternal enmity to the Romans.'

The warrior when the day was done,
Bent down before the altar shrine,
While by his side his first-born son—
The scion of a haughty line—
In mingled awe and wonder stood,
And gazed upon his father's face,
Where passion's wild and scathing flood
Had left its desolating trace.

Why kneels the war-worn veteran there?
Is it for dark deeds unforgiven?
Doth guilt, remorse, or keen despair
Bend those proud knees in prayer to Heaven?
No—not in penitence or prayer,
Nor yet in love that form is bent,
But hate—undying hate is there,
And he, its writhing monument.
He started from his silent vow,
And sternly gazed on that young brow,
Till with a smile he seemed to trace
A kindred spirit in that face.

'Thou hast been cradled in the tent,
And nurtured in the field, my boy;
Dangers have been thy merriment,
And conflict scenes thy joy.
And thou shalt be the withering scourge,
Hamilcar leaves his victor foes;
Thy arm shall heave war's serried surge,
And deal with death its battle-blows.

'Lo!—in the birth-place of thy sire,
Amidst yon bright and storied plains,
Behold the smoke of hostile fires,
And ruin's sceptred image reigns.
The timid lips of millions breathe
The craven accents of alarm,
And vanquished Carthage quakes beneath
The terrors of a Roman arm.
A foe is in thy father-land!
A fierce, hereditary foe!
He bears the devastating brand,
Which lights thy country's woe,
And there his eagle banner streams—
The proud precursor of his power,
And conquest's blazoned chariot gleams
For its anticipated hour.
And shall our nobles swell the throng,
Which Roman triumph drags along?
Shall rival Carthage e'er remain
The victim of the scourge and chain?

'No—thine the retribution, boy;
And thine the vengeance-dealing blade;
And it shall give thy father joy,
When summoned to the realm of shade,
That dead Hamilcar yet can smite,
Through the nerved death-blows of his son,
And e'en in Lethe's lands of night,
Pursue the hate on earth begun.
Kneel then and swear—before my face—
Swear—by the ashes of thy race,
Swear—by the spirits of the slain
Whose blood bedews yon battle-plain,
Swear—by the sovereign throne of Jove,
By all the Gods that reign above,
That vengeance, to thy dying hour,
Shall wait upon the Roman power—
That time or age shall ne'er abate
Thy fierce, unmitigable hate!'

A patriot's ardor fired his eye,
As the young hero knelt him there,
And lifting up his hands on high,
Pronounced the solemn oath—'*I swear!*'

* * * * * * *

Long shalt thou rue the oath of him,
Who swore thy hate that night, O Rome;
Long shall thy rising star grow dim,
Through many a fearful year to come,
And many a Roman eye shall weep,
And many a Roman lip shall blanch,
As down the vanquished Alpine steep,
He hurls the iron avalanche,
Amid thy devastated bowers,
To guide his proud and conquering car,
And brandish o'er thy fallen towers,
The withering thunderbolts of war.

[From the Pearl.]

PROFILE SKETCHES, NO. I.

ROBERT OWEN, OF LANARK.

BY JOHN NEAL.

A PROFILE for our money! A spirited profile is often the best likeness in the world. Every body knows it. Every body stops to say—look here! Did you ever see anything half so natural?—the very man himself—hey! Nor does it follow, because everybody cries out when he sees it, that, like the huge nose of Wellington, the little cocked-hat of Napoleon, the black beard of Charles Fox, or the round paunch and red waistcoat of John Bull, it is a wicked and spiteful caricature. No, indeed—no such thing! But every body knows it, and every body stops to say so, simply because the details are left out—the laborious finishing—and the imagination has fair play. The people are never such close observers, as portrait and miniature-painters would have you believe. The multitude never know, nor care, whether your nose is, or is not in the middle of your face, nor whether your eyes are a *leetle* mismatched. All they do know is—and that only when they see your shadow, or hear an imitation of your cough,—that you have exceedingly huge shoulders, or a stoop, a melancholy rattle in your throat, or a sanctimonious wheeze—or peradventure that you stand on one leg, heave out your chest, cross your fat, short arms like a porpoise, and fancy you resemble Napoleon Bonaparte—or mayhap throw them behind your head with your hands interlocked, tilt back in your chair, and fancy yourself in travail with a sixth canto of Childe Harold, that being a favorite position of the author. Ay, ay!—a profile for our money! especially if the nose be rather aristocratical and peremptory, the forehead a penthouse, and the mouth but a lubberly affair after all. No finishing—no working up. One might as well work up every leaf in a landscape, or finish every feather on a butterfly's wing, take the exact pattern of a patch on the elbow, or number the threads in a bit of canvass, like our ingenious friends of the Celestial Empire, when employed upon a copy. Away with all such nonsense! A spirited outline that every body stops to look at, though hurrying to dinner, or toward the bank, or turning a short corner, with a fire bucket in each hand, a badge on his hat, and a speaking-trumpet at his button-hole—that's the thing!

As we preach, so we practise—and therefore, we shall begin a sketch of whatever may happen to fit by the opening we have just made into the camera obscura—lighted-chamber, ladies!—of our imagination. First come, first served, though. Stay—stop!—There goes the shadow of something we have met with before!—A tall, stiff, bland-looking, strange, methodistical sort of a somebody. Where on earth have we seen that figure before?—somewhere abroad, surely.—Stay, it is turning its head—now it is moving this way!—and now!—by Jupiter! we could not have had a better subject to begin with.—It is Robert Owen himself! If 'taint, may we be—Lanarked, or sent to New-Harmony, at our own charge.

ROBERT OWEN, of Lanark, Scotland—Proprietor of New-Harmony, &c. &c. &c. Mr Owen is about five feet, ten inches, with a slight stoop, and a general bearing, so essentially that of a New Englander, who has to elbow his way through the world, that if he were seated among us, nobody would ever think of his being a foreigner. With a fair, good complexion, quakerish hair, a gentle voice—a very moderate, persuasive and puritanical manner, and great command of temper, he is a formidable adversary even to those, who, but for his gentleness and smoothness, might crush him in every grapple. But he is not to be grappled with—he slips through your fingers, like an oiled gladiator. There is no getting a good grip of the fellow. He never answers a question; he never interrupts you; and when it comes to his turn—you have; instead of a reply, an essay, and an essay too, not upon the particular subject under discussion, but upon matters and things in general, having the rights of women for a text, or the perfectibility of human nature, and the utter inefficiency of all that is now recognized for a social system, to make people either virtuous or happy, for a half-way house. With a calm, [illegible] knowledge than any other man, of what may be called labor-saving associations, it is very difficult to hear him—though he never reasons—without being in some measure convinced; convinced of one thing at least, if nothing more, namely, that he is perfectly in earnest, and believes what he says. You may hear him as we have, month after month, and year after year, solemnly asserting that there shall be cities and towns no longer, that the grass will be growing in the streets of London, yea, even in the most crowded thoroughfares, about the Royal Exchange, and along Cheapside, within a twelvemonth; and that before ten years are over, Robert Owen's institutions will cover the face of the whole earth; and every individual who has come into it will enjoy more and possess more than any monarch does now. Yet you will find it hard, very hard to believe the dreamer either a fool or a madman. We have talked with him the very day—if we recollect rightly, within the very hour, when the great question of life and death to his whole system, to the labors of a life, and to the hope of thousands who believed with him that the happiness of millions was at stake forever, was to be decided for the first and last time in the British Parliament; and we have seen him as confident as ever, as calm as ever, as full of hope as ever. Within a few hours after, that question was decided for ever; the prayer was flung out of the window, we believe by Canning himself, without deigning to treat it seriously, and before the sun went down, was forgotten forever. And yet, when we next fell in with Robert Owen, of Lanark, he had abated nothing of his enthusiasm, nothing of his confident hope. The regeneration of the whole human family was only so much the nigher, for the insolence of George Canning, and the contemptuous neglect of the British hereditary lawgivers, who would not even condescend to be out of temper with a project which aimed at nothing less than the overthrow of the British empire!

The groundwork of Robert Owen's whole plan was the *removal of temptation.* He proposed to create a superabundance of *all comforts*, and to make men *rational.* At Lanark, where it originated, and was most faithfully tried, under his own eyes, it succeeded wonderfully, and went far enough to justify his original hope. But when that hope took to itself a myriad of other hopes, and all began to believe, not only that his project would revolutionize the whole face of society, and cover the whole earth as the waters cover it, with the reflected tranquility of the skies, but that he himself should live to accomplish the thing, it was too ridiculous! Why, at the very time when his confident belief had so infected his followers, that they were looking for an immediate millennium, there were but nine schools in London itself on his plan, and he was unable to muster more than forty of his disciples at a public breakfast, where all objections to his great system were to be solemnly discussed. Yet he had followers and believers, and most respectable men among both; men of talent, wealth and influence. So fearful a thing is enthusiasm, and so contagious!

The establishment at New-Harmony has been a sad failure, and we hardly know why. There was nothing so very absurd in the idea; and at no very distant period we should not wonder to see it flourishing anew, and spreading its good influences far and wide through the Western country. But neither Robert Owen, the father, nor Robert Dale Owen, the son—a very quiet, common-place, awkward, sensible young man—is exactly the personage to carry the project through. They are too short-sighted—they want a loftier enthusiasm—the spirit of a conqueror. Lions don't whelp turnspits—however much in earnest they may be for the improvement of inferior breeds. Great changes are never effected by mere industry and perseverance. Where great results are wanted—whether on canvass or in marble, in porphyry or bronze, in society or in the solitude—men must work with a thunderbolt.

We have not forgotten when Robert Owen was about embarking for America, for the first time, with a view to the purchase of New-Harmony, and the establishment of his system through the world. He had been very intimate with John Dunn Hunter, the cleverest and silliest impostor of the age, and though mutually repelled at first, like two clouds overcharged with electricity, they soon came to a better understanding, and after a few flashes, a little protracted reverberation, their enthusiasm being equalized, and their antipathies neutralized, they determined to work together for the salvation of the human race—at New-Harmony and elsewhere. The following was written by Robert Owen himself, in a little common-place book we happened to have on the table, when he called upon us for the last time previous to his departure; and the paragraph following, by no less a personage than John Dunn Hunter himself, a few months before, when the latter was about betaking himself to his home in the woods of the great Western world—via 840 Pearl Street, New York, where dwelt his '*Banker*.'

'I leave this country with a deep impression that my visit to America will be productive of permanent benefit to the Indian tribes, to the Negro race, and to the whole population of the Western continent, North and South, and to Europe. ROBERT OWEN.
London, 6th September, 1824.'

Of itself a portrait of the man!—a perfect likeness of Robert Owen, of his confident self-dependence, his magnificent hope, and his astonishing, almost laughable simplicity.

The following is the paragraph by Hunter. We give it exactly as written, spelt, and pointed by himself.

'He who would do great actions must learn to *empoly*, his powers to the least possible loss. The possession of brilliant and extraordinary talents, is not always the most valuable to its possessor. Moderate talents properly directed will enable one to do a great deal; and the most distinguished gifts of nature may be thrownaway by an unskilful application of them. J. D. HUNTER.
London—15th May 1824. Address 840 Pearl St New York.'

Lo! another portrait!—How sententious and imposing! How well calculated for reflection and for reference hereafter! O, but he understood the play! What wonder that among the followers of these men were such people as Richard Rush, then Minister at the Court of St James, Fanny Wright, and a multitude more, of correspondent celebrity or at least pretension?

THE UNBELIEVER. I pity the unbeliever—one who can gaze upon the grandeur, and glory, and beauty of the natural universe, and behold not the touches of his finger, who is over, and with, and above all; from my very heart I do commiserate his condition. The unbeliever! one whose intellect the light of revelation never penetrated; who can gaze upon the sun, and moon, and stars, and upon the unfading and imperishable sky, spread out so magnificently above him, and say all this is the work of chance. The heart of such a being is a drear, and cheerless void. In him, mind—the god-like gift of intellect, is debased—destroyed: all is dark—a fearful chaotic labyrinth—rayless—cheerless, hopeless! No gleam of light from heaven, penetrates the blackness of the horrible delusion; no voice from the Eternal bids the desponding heart rejoice. No fancied tones from the harps of seraphim rouse the dull spirit from its lethargy, or allay the consuming fever of the brain.—The wreck of mind is utterly remediless; reason is prostrate; and passion, prejudice, and superstition, have reared their temple on the ruins of intellect.

MATRIMONY. Matrimony is like masonry, no one knows the secret until he is initiated. It is like an eel trap, very easy to get in, but plaguy hard to get out. It is, in the first stage, like the wind that fans the flame of love, and which, unfortunately, too much fanning blows all out. It is every thing contradictory—sweet or bitter, just as it is taken. In short, it is

Like a gliving light,
Placed in the window of a summer's night,
Alluring all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty winglets there;
Those who are out butt heads against the pane,
And those who are in butt to get out again.

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life 'tis most meddled with by other people.—Selden.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSIONS

In the Sentimental way—dedicated to love-sick swains and Old Bachelors.

THE ALLEY WAY.

My father keeps a small store,
All colored cloths—blue, red and gray,
And at the back there is a door
That opens on an Alley-Way.
Not long ago when I was spent
With toil and labor all the day,
I took my hat and out I went
To rest me in the Alley-Way.

The sun was shining through the trees,
Shedding o'er earth his parting ray,
And Love came rustling in the breeze,
That fanned me in the Alley-Way.
When with her pail, no time to waste,
Hied to the well sweet Sal away,
She tripped—alas! too much in haste,
And stumbled in the Alley-Way.

I raised the maiden in my arms,
She begged I'd not her course delay,
And left me wildered by her charms,
To ponder in the Alley-Way.
Next day, alas, I could not part
My thoughts from gentle Sal away—
I found at length I'd lost my heart—
I left it in the Alley-Way.

No joy could now my bosom greet—
My heart was heavy all the day—
Until at last I chanced to meet
Sweet Sally, in the Alley-Way.
I told my love—she nothing said—
I clasped her waist—she murmured—nay—
But though she blushed and hung her head,
I kissed her in the Alley-Way.

Yet not all fear could I resign,
Though o'er my bosom hope would stray,
Till she consented to be mine,
By moonlight in the Alley-Way.
One lovely eve the knot was tied,
That made sweet Sally Mrs Gray,
And off I led my beauteous bride,
—But 'twas not to the Alley-Way.

Now when each night from duty free,
I hie to gentle Sal away,
The same bright smile yet welcomes me
That thrilled me in the Alley-Way.
My heart is free from care's alloy,
And when at morn I rise so gay,
I bless the source of all my joy,
That little narrow Alley-Way. H.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1835.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Token for 1836. Little did we imagine, last week, when we threw off—in a pet we acknowledge—all we had to say of the Token and Souvenir for 1836, that we should ever think of opening, much less of mentioning the book again, while we breathed the breath of life. But a picture, at which it has just opened of itself, as if to put us in good humor, and persuade us to distinguish it, once for all, from a heap of other unripe or forgotten literature now lying on the table before us—that picture has saved it! —and for aught we know, played the mischief with Ourself and our consistency. We allude to the 'Pilot Boy,' engraved by Cheney, from a sketch by G. L. Brown—a picture with which, take it altogether, we are ten times more delighted than we ever mean to acknowledge. So taking up the work once more, we have turned to the table of contents, and run our eye over it, in the hope, heaven forgive us! of meeting with a contribution from the editor, worth showing up in capital style.—But somehow or other, the only paper to which we find his name affixed (there may be others he don't acknowledge) is one of the happiest things of the sort ever written—provoking enough, hey?—and though evidently suggested by the smart and playful verses of our friend Miss Gould of Newburyport, published two or three years ago, (the *Vases* we mean) it abounds in lively, original, and exceedingly beautiful ideas—*worthily expressed.*—There's a touch of magnanimity for ye!

But to *prove* that we are in *earnest*—for there may be those who will misunderstand or misrepresent our intentions—what if we take a few of these beautiful ideas to the light—blow aside the treacherous veil they wear, 'of mist and moonlight, mingling fitfully'—and let everybody see what's underneath?—or, in language worthier of the New England Galaxy just now, tear away their embellishments, and strip their skin over their ears?—Will that satisfy ye? —It shall be done!

The first fault we find, is here.

'The slender rush o'er the glassy rill,
Like a marble shaft was erect and still.'

Out of proportion, that—a golden wire, a brazen shaft, a bronzed or silver shaft, would be rather more like a *bull-rush*; and if, as a matter of fact, *reeds* and *rushes* were there, a *grassy* rill would tell the story better, and be a thousand times bolder and newer than glassy. You would see the very *greenness* running swiftly away under the clear ice.

But these are trifles, and have nothing to do with the general merits of the poem, which, sooth to say, like the engraving mentioned *before*, is altogether better than we choose to acknowledge. Our next objection is of a more serious nature—and really, but for *our sense of duty* to the public, we do not know that we should be willing under any circumstances, to mention it. But the Editor of the Token is a *teacher of youth*—a sort of drawing-room teacher, and the familiar companion, therefore, of the young and beautiful, the tender-hearted, the innocent and the trusting of our land—at home everywhere welcomed—unwatched by the wariest father, unfeared by the shrewdest and most experienced mother; and therefore it is, that casting aside all other consideration, and trampling friendship under foot, we are determined to listen to the suggestions of duty—of stern—resolute—inexorable duty—and show him up.

To begin therefore with a solemnity worthy of the occasion. Let it be distinctly understood that we charge the Editor of the Token and Souvenir for 1836—S. G. Goodrich by name, with unpardonable—what shall we call it?—what can we call it, without offending the readers of the New-England Galaxy?—perhaps we had better give it no name, but leave the inference to themselves—they are not fastidious—God knows they are not!—We must—we will—our friend Webb of the Courier has just set us the example, in a notice of a book about Matthias and a woman or two, just published. Yes—our dear public shall be allowed, here as there—to draw their own inferences, whenever we might be liable to a hint from the Attorney General, if we took the business out of their hands.—All we ask is a careful and thorough sifting of the passages hereinafter quoted—a fixed and settled determination on the part of the reader, or if need be, of the Grand-Jury, to arrive at the true meaning of the author; and then—to him and them we leave it—with this one remark, that in our opinion, we know not how others may feel, no beauty of language should sway us in our judgment of licentious imagery.—That's all.

We proceed now to give three or four passages in the order they occur.

With a lover's sigh and a zephyr's breath,
It whispered bliss, *but its work was death.*
It kissed the lip of a rose asleep,
And left it there on its stem *to weep*—
It froze the drop on a lily's leaf,
And the shivering blossom was *bowed in grief;*
O'er the daisy it breathed, and the withered flower
Fell blackened and scathed *in its lonely bower*—

Do our daughters understand these things, when they read them?—Do they know what was intended by Evelina's Bower, where the 'white snow lay—on the narrow pathway'? If not—why furnish them with such books? *If yes*—what is to become of them—and of their untroubled innocence? 'From the grape you have brushed the soft blue, Mr Goodrich—From the rose you have shaken the tremulous dew'—Mr Goodrich. Oh, Mr Goodrich!—Mr S. G. Goodrich!—what is to become of you!

But again—
It stooped to the violets blooming around,
And kissed—what?—why—the buds!—as they slept
on the ground.

To the violets indeed!—as if a child couldn't perceive what is meant here. And then—was there ever a child or more insulting pretence?—half the Autumnal flowers ever had any thing to do with the beds of violets. No, no, Mr Goodrich—we understand you, we can see through your whole arrangement. You had your eye upon the 'young budding breasts' of those that are never changed by a first frost.

But again—

It flew—yet its *dallying fingers played*
With a thrilling touch—thro' the Maple's shade.

Man alive!—could you hope to have this not understood by the fair creatures you are ministering to?

It *toyed* with the leaves of the sturdy oak—
It sighed o'er the aspen—and whispering spoke
To the *bending sumach that stooped, &c &c.*
* * * *
Each spreading bough heard the whispered bliss,
And gave its cheek to the gallant's kiss—
Tho' giving, *the leaves with resistance shook,*
As if disdaining the *joy* they took.

One of the happiest and most effectual touches of modern Poetry—and for that very reason, calculated to work, nobody knows how much deadly mischief. Just imagine—we are half afraid to whisper it—and more than half ashamed—but as we have said before, duty, Sir, *duty!*—(laying our hand on our hearts)—just imagine that the mother had a key to all these glowing passages in his own mind—that the names are all fictitious—mere substitutes—and that instead of the violets, and oaks, and maples, the aspen and the rose doing all these things—they were done by somebody else—that's all!—If you are a father—ay, or a mother, read on—with the key before you! And then say what you think of the *delicacy* of our friend S. G. Goodrich. Substitute *she* for *it*, and *her* for *its* and then say if you would allow this very poem to be read aloud—in company—by one of your daughters.

Who dreamed that the morning light would speak
And show that kiss *on the blushing cheek?*
For in silence the fairy work went through,
And no croaking owl *of the scandal knew*: (Oh—ho!)
No watch-dog broke from his slumbers light,
To tell the tale to the listening night.
But that which in secret is darkly done,
Is oft displayed by the morrow's sun—
And thus the leaves in the light revealed
With their glowing hues what the night concealed.
The sweet *frail* flowers that once welcomed the morn,
Now *drooped in their bowers* all shrivelled and lorn;
But the hardier trees shook their leaves in the blast,
Though tell-tale colors were over them cast.
The Maple *blushed deep as a maiden's cheek,*
And the Oak confessed—*what it would not speak.*
The beech stood mute, *but a purple hue*
O'er its glossy *robe—was a witness true*—

Ah!—shall we stop?—or have we already gone too far? To them who know what is meant by giving a girl a *green gown* it may be superfluous.

The Elm and the Ivy with varying dyes
Protesting their innocence looked to the skies—
And the Sumach *rouged deeper* as stooping to look
It glanced at the colors that flared in the brook.
The delicate Aspen *grew nervous and pale,*
As the *tittering forest* seemed full of the tale—
(what tale?)
And the lofty ash, though it tossed up its bough
With a puritan air on the mountain's brow,
Bore a *yellow tinge* on its leafy fold,
And the *hidden revel was gaily told.*

There, gentle reader!—did you ever see anything more beautiful or more treacherous?—Brilliant and glorious flowers—but 'the trail of the serpent is over them all,' hey?—and yet, we are told—and believe that Mr S. G. Goodrich is a *father*. N.

Portland Magazine. *Volume Second, No.* 1.—The trial year is over. The Portland Magazine has gotten for itself a reputation worth having—but what then?—Has the truly extraordinary woman, who conducts it and writes all the best matter for it?—has she been rewarded as she deserves? No such thing. Night and day for a twelvemonth has she been toiling for others—literally spinning her heart away—her very life, like the silk-worm, for the embellishment of a race who care not whether she perish in the labor or not; and now, at the end of that twelvemonth, we would venture a small wager that she has not received so much money, over and above all the expenses of the work, as would be needed for the purchase of a flower-pot, or a child's coffin!—And yet we talk of our patronage, of the hearty encouragement all sorts of genius may be sure of in this town of Portland,—to say nothing of the Down-Easterly Republic.—Encouragement! why sounds and death, Portland has produced more well-known writers than any other town in this country, or in England, of ten times her population, or of forty times her age; and yet there is not one—no not one—that could be sure of bread-and-water to-morrow, if he were to devote himself another twelvemonth to her entertainment or improvement. Pooh!—talk of *patronage*, will ye, and of literary encouragement in a place where the Portland Magazine, barely pays for itself.—We speak un-advisedly, and from our knowledge, not of the Portland Magazine, but of the Portland *people*, and the Down-Easterly patrons of native literature.

But never mind! The Portland Magazine is in for it for another year—and if the Editor lives through it, perhaps the people may wake up, an age or two hence; and if she should not—why, bless you! what could be more satisfactory—to themselves—than a suitable quantity of surprise, suitably expressed, that such a very clever work as the Portland Magazine should have been suffered to languish for want of support.—Oh the hypocrites!—After a fellow is dead and buried, to pretend they never knew that starvation wouldn't agree with him!

But to the number before us—

The Infidel—by the Editor. A capital story, for which the New-England Galaxy deserves to be most beautifully drummed over the knuckles for not having made sure of—but that's neither here nor there. On the whole, the N. E. G. was very magnanimous. But we see some unlucky errors in the paper—' *lady*' for ' *body*,' and ' *his* mouth,' *for* ' *her* mouth,' which happens to make a devil of a difference here—as elsewhere.

The Marriage Ring—by John Neal. Exceedingly fine—we wish we knew the author. But haven't we seen it before?—in the Courier and Enquirer, hey?

My Aunt Catharine—by a Lady of Bangor. Well written—but rather overdone. Aunt Catharine is every-thing, a ' mirror of perfection'—like the Admirable Critchton, or Sir Charles Grandison.

The Forsaken—by R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL.D.—Pretty and pure.

On Independence of Character. Sensible—but wo to all those who finish a paper in the Portland Magazine with a ' To be continued.'—Bad policy that.—Manage to make *your parts* complete; else you *deter* instead of *inviting* readers. If one lights on a fifth chapter—or a paper numbered two, three, or a score, he flings it aside, no matter how worthy it may be, under a notion that it would be time wasted to read this, without having first read the others. Right or wrong he must be—if right, what a blockhead the author must be; if wrong—what a fool!

Lays of the Heart—by Isaac C. Pray, Jr. First of the four stanzas beautiful—the rest rather so-so-ish.

Character of the Age—by James Furbish. Powerful and eloquent: abounding in happy and characteristic illustrations from the school-room.

Choice of Wings—by W. Cutter. Wm. Cutter once wrote a philippic against theatres worthy of Alexander Pope himself—terse—keen—bitter and just—why does he not write more?

A Father's Letter. Natural and fervent.

Juvenile Concert—at Portland. The occasion was an era—the notice very fair.

The Boston Pearl—by John Neal. A very decent puff—could it have originated in a fee? We observe that Mr N. wrote the leading article of the first number of the new volume—of the Pearl—of—of—of—to be equalled by nothing but a passage where we are encouraged to press forward to the mark—of the prize—of the high calling, &c. &c.—But the Pearl deserves more and higher praise than we find awarded to it anywhere—*fee or no fee.* N.

An Essay on the Currency—By William R. Collier. A clever little pamphlet, which proposes the enactment of *A General Bank Law.* Of this we have spoken before; and the more we think of the plan, the better we like it. But Mr Collier, in common with every other writer on Banking, is under the strangest delusion on one point, and that a fundamental point. For example, in page 4, he says, 'It is a suggestion which will here naturally occur to any enquiring mind—Why may not public credit as well as private; could become a source of currency?'—and then he goes on to reply as follows. 'Experience furnishes a [illegible] answer. *The thing has been repeatedly tried and has always failed.*' Always failed!—Why what are British Government bills?—what are government stocks?—Every body knows they cannot all be redeemed—that there is not specie enough on the face of the earth to pay the National debt of Great Britain; and yet, no property seen there, is considered *so safe*. And why?—Because it happens to be based upon public, and not on private credit? If the government holds together—if property is of any value—the creditors have nothing to fear. If government does not hold together—if other property is good for nothing—of what worth would be gold and silver. What they do on a large scale, may be done on a smaller—a currency, the best and safest in the world, may be created on a small specie capital by government, and the smaller in proportion to the singleness and concentrativeness of its power.—One Bank with five millions of specie, may furnish a safe currency, when forty banks with two millions apiece would be the ruin of each other, and of the country. But more of this hereafter. We recommend the essay, and like the idea of a National Bank law. N.

Edinburgh Review, No 124. Theodore Foster's republication. A very good number, with another capital article on Mrs Fanny Kemble's book, and another on Bentham's Deontology—full of profound misapprehensions, and heavy-sided misrepresentations; clever notwithstanding and rather satisfactory—*rather*. But, although it prove how Bentham was wrong with regard to Conscience and Conscientiousness, as proved by the Phrenologists, not the metaphysicians of our day; it does not follow, we take it, as a necessary consequence, that all who disagree with him are right.—Again we recommend the work N.

BY PARTICULAR DESIRE.

In compliance with the following polite request, we lose no time in giving a ' *notice*' of the work referred to, in ' *our highly respectable paper.*

' To ——— ———, Esquire,

With the respects of the author.

P. S. A notice of this work in your highly respectable paper, will confer a favor on your humble servant.

Upon the same page, and just below the preceding, we find another suggestion by another hand, which it would be indelicate for us to copy, and we refer to it only for the purpose of saying that it calls our particular attention to 'The *Source* of Infancy,' page 8, of ' this work':—we shall so far profit by the suggestion, as to copy the lines referred to, before we finish. The work itself is entitled—

POETRY,
ORIGINAL AND COMPILED,
WITH
METAPHYSICAL SKETCHES,
AND
ANECDOTES.
BY N. P. JOHNSTON.
(*Copy right secured.*)
—
BOSTON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1835.

Thus much for the title-page, which it must be allowed, bespeaks for the author and compiler, aoordinary share of attention. The boldness and originality of the conception are only to be equalled by the originality and boldness of the execution. But before we proceed to give here and there an extract—which is all we can do—by way of illustrating *the work*, we must be allowed to observe that it is a thousand pities the author had not carefully distinguished the selections, by printing them, with another type, or on different paper. Honor to whom honor is due, say we, and when we find the ' Minute gun at Sea,' which we had always supposed to be the product of another shore, followed by the lines entitled—' The Source of Infancy *congenial with adult worth, and assuaging to cares,*' we get flabbergasted somehow.—And by the way, perhaps the author may have had in view here the celebrated lines—

———————' wasn't Pharaoh a *saucy rascal*,
To refuse the children of Israel, and their flocks and their
herds, their man-servants and their maid-servants, who
wanted to go forty days into the wilderness—*to eat the*
Paschal?'

If so—all we have to say is, that kindred spirits are prone to what, in others, and in differently-constituted minds, might be rank and detestible plagiarism.

But stay!—on looking farther into the ' *work*,' we find the lines entitled the *Vanity of Wealth* are actually printed with the author's name—*Dr Johnson.* Can it be that the gentleman who sent us this ' Poetry, original and selected,' is the author of the celebrated dictionary, published some time ago? If so there is either an error in this title-page, where the former calls himself *N. P. Johnston*—or in that, where, if we recollect rightly, he styles himself, Samuel Johnson, LL.D.—An error of the press perhaps, or perhaps the Doctor may have altered his name, for reasons best known to himself, like multitudes in this country, or been *haltered* by act of Parliament, as the condition of some valuable inheritance. But however the fact may be, we are unwilling to delay our readers' enjoyment; and hasten to give them a taste of the Poetry—may we venture to say it?—for which our author is indebted to nobody but himself. Indeed it must be original.

The source of Infancy congenial with adult worth, and assuaging to cares.

There is a charm that lives round infancy,
That chuckles fancy to return awhile:
It sweetly summons with an artless smile!
It speaks at once, the angel, and the child;
It lisps a spirit pure—without impurity.
There, natal, hie, when life a tempest gives;
There, ever green and graced, the flower lives:—
Leave watery glooms, high-arching, kiss the sky,
And, like the rainbow, then the treble tie!

' *And, like the rainbow, then the treble tie!*' How expressive and admirable! In these days of plagiarism and most unblushing imitation, show us if you can the archetype of that?—Say not, blasphemer, that it may be found, *perhaps*, in Nat Lee's celebrated lines, where he—

' Running full tilt 'gainst the subjunctive-mood,
To fatten padlocks with antarctic food'—

but we forget the lines. There is no perhaps about it—and all we have to say, if you persist in, that you don't know B. from a bull's foot in the matter of poetry. ' Oh that our lungs could blent like buttered pease!'

But our author runs to childhood. On the same page and immediately following the last we have—

Childhood.

Soon childhood comes—but never soon departs,
For, seemingly, annual, from its dawning starts.
Dreams of some ugly rock with black abyss;
Afore in vision as a precipice—
Where Satan, horrid man from skull to hoof,
Was weaned to plunge anon, and rise aloof!

This we apprehend to be partly original, and partly compiled from Pollock and others. Perhaps the passages that perplex us are editorial emendations——Stay!—a thought strikes us!—can it be! that *N. P. Johnston* is a fictitious name altogether?—Can it be that the true initials are S. G. Goodrich, and that we are in fact indebted to the editor of the Token and Souvenir, for these 'Metaphysical Sketches and Anecdotes'?—' Ah Hal!—do ye think I didn't know ye?'

Among the selections, we find a page or two from one Campbell—who is he?—It is entitled ' *The Death-Scene in Gertrude of Wyoming*'—very decent poetry to be sure, but not to be compared with that of our author.—Why such dishonoring associations therefore!

Of the metaphysical essays, the following strikes us with transcendent force.—The author is evidently a Doctor—or ought to be—Dr Johnston perhaps?

' Joy is the most *crank*, simple, pleasureable affection of the primaries; and in its simplicity the most early developed of them all. Proximate to which is sorrow, and after follow pity and shame before the season of puberty.'

And again—we are obliged to divide the paragraph, and perhaps injure the meaning of the author:

' For it is a melancholy truth, that the mental system may be dead to impressions of intention to a degree incredibly disingenuous; and, yet, studied uniformity accommodate the outer man with all sequence to surrounding events.'

But lo! the masterpiece! what a complete and satisfactory definition have we here of *Vanity*, that subtlest of influences!

' Vanity is a most feminine quality, boisterous and keenly fanatic; and as such conspicuously most after, and awhile after, the season of puberty.'

Of the Anecdotes, which make up the two last pages of this work, the following is all we can afford room for. The passage in italics we dare say is an editorial emendation; the remainder was probably selected.

' A rattlesnake was destroyed many years ago, having only seventeen rattles or buttons; but measured lengthwise nine feet four inches and a half, and about six inches in diameter at its middle; which was remarkably wasted, so that its ribs and spine plainly protruded. When first observed, it was in *the act of horrifying from the ground* a squirrel of the largest species in a tree. On being immediately killed, it was opened; and two squirrels of the same species were found inside; both of which, to appearance, pretty hastily engorged.'

And now, having done as requested by the author, we hope he will remember the New-England Galaxy, ' that highly respectable paper'—and content himself with the reflection that ' one good turn deserves another.' N.

PEREGRINATIONS.—No. V.

We have received during the week the following letter.

To the Junior Editor of the N. E. Galaxy.

Sir—While the "fairer portion of the community acknowledge themselves grateful for your endeavors to remove obstructions from the side-walks, by which they have been often impeded, they unanimously call you to task for your little "scrap," accusing them of preventing you from exercising the politeness you desire to exhibit. You say, sir, that the Ladies will not permit you to take the outside of the walk—and upon this charge you found your accusation. Unfortunately for your views of "minor morals," you are, in the opinion of your correspondent, (who begs your forgiveness if she is intruding on your time) wholly in the wrong. Would you force a lady to pick her way over door stones and cellar windows while the gentlemen luxuriated on the smooth outside of the walk? Pardon me, if I say, sir, that the ladies arrogate to themselves so great a knowledge of politeness as the sterner sex of the city can boast. In the particular in question, they certainly will not consider themselves hors de combat.

I subscribe myself, Mr. Editor,
Your obt. servant,
JULIA M———.

This note was on rose tinted paper and turned down at the corners, and the nice rounded delicate chirography bespoke it the genuine production of one of natures "fairer portion." We thought it at first an invitation to some delightful pic-nic, and our heart palpitated as we opened it,—but alas! not a *billet doux* but a *billet scolding*. Now to "the head and front of our offending."

We have often been seriously incommoded in passing through our crowded thoroughfare compelled to edge our way along, where there was no fixed rule of action and every one went ' on his own hook.' Vehicles have a law to prescribe for them, and they know how to go by each other, and can get by when they try. But the foot passenger has no such security. One adopts a rule which he thinks is most consistent with propriety, and strives to act up to it—another actuated by the same good motive, follows a course exactly the antipode of the first—the one takes the inside of the walk—the other coming the other way, also the inside—both may be obstinate—and in that case they come together—their heads bob one way and another in sympathetic consternation—and, at last, they pass each other by a desperate attempt, which perhaps prostrates one in the gutter.

What is to be done in this dilemma? "Keep to the right as the Law directs," as is the case with the wheeled locomotives? It is a perplexing question. If the Ladies say that cellar doors are more to be dreaded than the danger of being run against by carriages, of course their ipse dixit must settle the question. But verily some rule ought to be adopted to enable one to pass through Washington street without exposure of life and limb.

We have taken a walk round the Greene and Phillips estates, and are exceedingly pleased with the plan on which they are laid out. Considering all things, it appears to be the best that can be adopted. Many suggestions have been made that public convenience requires a street directly through from Tremont to Somerset street. This, of course, would ruin the contemplated square, and there is now a street projected from the corner of the square, 30 feet wide, running into Somerset street, sufficient for all reasonable purposes. We do not want to see every thing bend to utility. In laying out grounds or in erecting buildings let there be some regard exhibited for beauty and ornament as well as use. The two can easily be combined without any material infringement on the more important consideration. Let Phillips Place be preserved.—If the City Government wish to improve that quarter of the city let them point their finger on that isolated block—Scollay's buildings—which are in every body's way—are in a state of decay—and the removal of which would do more to ornament the City, than almost any thing upon which the hand of improvement could be laid. H.

Chapter of Accidents. We have done with apologies—if the good-natured public can believe that the nonsense we *appear* to be guilty of in the New-England Galaxy is indeed our nonsense—why let them! that's all; they have the worst of it.

Nevertheless we shall occasionally correct a passage, when it happens to be rather too much of a piece with what we *do* write. All our proof miscarried last week—and therefore:

Instead of—' we have done with Jeffrey,' please read—' we have done so with Jeffrey of the Edinboro' Review.'

For—' the shadow of a man *stared* up at her elbow,' read *started*.

In the first edition, where the reply to ' L,' is printed and a case mentioned where A. B. C. figure away, pretty much as they would in a Virginia reel, there is nothing but inextricable confusion through the whole paragraph. A. being printed for C. throughout. In the second edition it is corrected.

In the article about N. P. Willis and his voucher, Miss Jane Porter—we are made to cackle right gloriously.

For—' he is not depended upon,' read ' not *to be* depended upon.'

For—' are fortified by estimates from the familiar notes, the opinion of two other old maids,' &c. &c.—*Do* have the goodness to read, ' are fortified by the opinions of two other old maids, *gathered from their familiar notes*,—not written *to* their persecuted friend, N. P. W. aforesaid,' &c

For—' as to the discerning few, which includes ourself, and all who think with us, *but for* the elegant and graceful coxcomb—&c. &c. &c—read—' which includes ourself, and all who think with us, *but for their personal knowledge* of the elegant and graceful coxcomb, whose feelings, piety and affections, as set forth on paper, are all counterfeit—they too, *judging altogether of the man, by his writings*, would &c. &c. &c.

For appeals to *loveliness*, read appeals to *lowliness*.

For—' what to them *is* purity and truth—to us, who happen to know more or see farther, are beautiful and pretty! —*do* for heaven's sake, read something like this—' What to them *are* purity and truth, to us, who happen to know more or see farther, are but ingenious imitations.

Instead of ' So much the worse it may be for *yourselves*, read—*for ourselves*—a distinct, by the way, that most of our readers would like to see kept in view.

For—' *dubbed* their wits,' where we have to do with Salmagundi, please read, *clubbed* their wits. We hate affectation, or we should let this go—for the word is a good word, and the application rather happy.

For—*There* are indeed the works of *Judge* Washington—please read—These are indeed to Works of George Washington!'

But enough—when the Galaxy is printed on a counterpane, we may, *perhaps*, have room enough in every paper for the correction of the blunders in its immediate predecessor. N.

Maybe so—if you don't improve in your penmanship.—Compositor.

Perpetual Motion! We have heard of many inventions to produce perpetual motion, but we have seen only one successful one—and that alas, is destroyed. It was a jeweller's sign in the shape of a watch, opposite our old office in Court street, so exactly suspended that in wind or calm, rain or sunshine, it was ever a wagging to the astonishment of Editors, printers and devil! We meant to apply for the British premium for it—but the late fire has stopped it—forever!

THE CAPTAIN.

Reader, I would you could see the Captain. He is what men call a character. He is a relic of days gone by—a treasurer of all things quaint and amusing. His head is a store-house of whims, scraps and oddities. But his appearance! You would laugh well could you see him. He wears a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat over sprinkled with the rust of many years; and his face, as he trudges along with his body bent at an angle of forty-five degrees, peeps forth from under it, as if he were proud of its chubby ungainliness. But such a face! the very antidote to grief—the merry enemy of all blue devils—the terror of hypochondriacs and stupid Dunces! See his little bright eye! how it twinkles under its bushy brow, and is glancing about, full of glad humor, the messenger of his mirthful soul! And his nose—such a nose! Broad, glistening and rubicund! Seated in its ample proportions on his rosy face, projecting far into thin air, apparently the pilot of its jocund owner! There's mischief in the curl of his lip—'Ha! ha!—Captain; I can but laugh when I look at you!'

Reader, I often talk with the Captain, and with his finger on his nose, and the very de'il in his eye, he will make me shake my sides until I beg him to stop in very pity.—He has conquered them—he battles with man's risibles—they are his weapons—and when they have fairly brought his antagonist to his feet, then does the old man rejoice in victory—he throws back his head, extends his jaws to their utmost capacity, shows his white regular teeth, throws a two-fold portion of the evil one into his half shut peepers, and so he remains for half a minute!—No sound escapes, but you can see that his very soul is laughing. From week to week, in our scraps, we will give you reader, a taste of the Captain's humor. We can't do him justice—but a little of the true spirit will be left. H.

SCRAPS, LOOSE THOUGHTS AND NUTS TO CRACK.

How a man feels when he's going to be hung. 'They got me,' said the old Captain, 'and chucked me into a hole where it was so black that I could feel it—and in the morning, they carried me out into the yard, and there was a gallows and a noose, and every thing ready—and a black coffin underneath. Then the soldiers were all about staring at me as if I was a gone goose. If you want to know how a feller feels when he's going to be hung, I can tell ye—he feels d—d *pokerish!*

A Story. 'I can tell a better story than that,' added the Captain. 'I felt pretty considerable frisky one day, and up I went up the lightning rod, hand over hand, as high as the vane. I had a first rate prospect up there—but that aint all. A thunder-cloud came over, and I saw it was a-going to strike the steeple, and thinks I to myself, if it hits me I'm done up. So I got ready, and when the crack came *I gave a leap up, let the lightning strike and run down and then caught hold again!*'

'Tim was a great lover of poetry,' said the Captain, 'and was continually quoting Mrs Hemans and all the other poets—but the worst of it was, Tim would get confoundedly drunk sometimes. Poor fellow! I watched him one moonlight night trudging along with his bottle under his arm, singing and spouting, and every now and then wetting his whistle. At last he began to describe angles and circles, and so forth, and by and by whack he went into the gutter. There he slept awhile—then he rose, and hiccupped forth something of Dr Watts's—

'I have been there and still would go,
'Tis like a little he—he—*heaven* below—ow—

Then he held up his empty bottle to the moon, and with lack-lustre eyes tried to see if it had any contents. At last he turned it over, and not a drop was there. Then he let the bottle fall, and extending his arms, exclaimed in the words of the poetess—

'Tell me ye burning stars of night,
Where is the *spirit* gone!'

The Captain laid his finger on his nose—'It amuses me,' said he at last, to see how like fools half the world get along through life. I met a little bare-headed fellow in Washington street the other day. 'Can you tell me where James' store is?' 'James,' said I, 'what James?' '*Our* James sir!' More than two-thirds of the pumpkin-headed fellows that grow up for nothing else than to munch bread-and-butter, live on, day after day, enquiring for *our* James—not knowing what they want themselves nor letting others know—turning round like a cat after her tail. They are always full of business, but they can't tell distinctly what the business is—they are continually after our James. They never have an opinion of their own, and like a flea, if you put your finger on 'em they aint there!

The New York Herald heads one of its late articles, 'more humbug,' and then thus discourses—

' Phrenology, notwithstanding all that blockheads have said about it, is nothing but a learned piece of foolery from beginning to end—an arrangement of words and phrases, without ideas—a classification of bumps on the skull which have no more connection with the mind and passions, than the outside of a house has to the inhabitants.'

Alas for Phrenology! The Editor of the Herald, unpitying, has sounded its death knell! Peace to the departed!

Gall is proved to be an arrant knave, Spurzheim a cunning dolt, and the Editor of the Herald, the most acute reasoner who ever shed lustre upon the pages of history!—Let the lovers of Phrenology hide their heads and weep!

What an organization the Editor of the Herald must have. We can read his character from his article. Veneration small, Causality smaller, Combativeness enormous, Firmness tremendous, and Self-Esteem prodigious! Heavens! how his head looms up in a conical shape; like an old fashioned night cap! You could prick your finger on the crown of his cranium, it runs up so sharp!

Now let us give our opinion of Phrenology. We will not call its opponents block heads; neither will we assume to be all discerning; but in our opinion—the Philosophy of mind, based on Phrenology, is the most perfect, the most satisfactory, and the most sublime ever spoken of or written about. The science may be imperfect in its details, but as a whole, it is the One Great Truth! and ridicule *cannot* depreciate it.

We cut the following from Anson Herrick's Bangor Advertiser.

Truth by Mistake. The Boston Journal says—'H. F. Harrington, favorably known to the community as a belles-letters writer, has purchased an interest in the Galaxy, and in conjunction with Mr Neal of Portland, will assume the management of this well-known hedbomable.'

We presume this last word is a misprint for head-abominable.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Anson got this (joke?) from the New York Sun. If we had perpetrated such an abominable libel on common sense, we should expect the ghost of murdered decency to thrust it down our throat and choke us!—but it tickled Anson amazingly.

Power, the Irish Comedian is writing a book on this country. He went to England with *golden* opinions of America, and he will no doubt express them in this work, as he intends to return to this country soon to play a season or two. Let them laugh that win, say we, and so will he no doubt.

A Bostonian and New-Yorker were disputing about the comparative excellence of the two cities, and the Bostonian was fast gaining the day—when his opponent with a flourish exclaimed, "Well, I'll tell you what—we have *ten times larger fires!*"

Bangor City Land. The papers tell of a sale of land in Bangor at which one lot was bought at the moderate price of \$14 per foot by E. & S. Smith, "the rich land speculators."—Now E. & S. Smith "the rich land speculators" may be very shrewd and knowing men, but we doubt very much whether lands in Bangor will bear such a price.—If, like this city, it had bounds beyond which the city could not go, there would be some reason in the \$14 per foot.—But such is not the case, there is room enough and to spare, in the immediate vicinity, and if the inhabitants would be content to move half as far from the the river, as it is from State street to Roxbury Neck they might settle on lands at about as much per acre as the "rich land speculators" are paying per foot. H.

The following gentlemen were elected officers of the *Mercantile Library Association*, at their 16th Annual meeting, held Wednesday Evening last. Charles L. Thayer, *President*; A. O. Bigelow, *Vice President*; N. W. Bridge, *Treasurer*; T. M. J. Dehon, *Secretary*; Eleazer P. Petton, W. G. Lewis, J. M. Atkins, Jr, Thomas Rose, A. E. Johnson, Edward Stevens, James Ball, Charles Whiting, O. M. Hatch, *Directors*.

DUMONT'S BENTHAM.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY
BY JOHN NEAL.—WITH NOTES.

CHAP. XIV.—Section 1,

Of the Expense of Public Worship.

If we consider the ministers of religion as charged with the maintenance of one of the moral sanctions (the religious sanction) we are to refer the expense of their support to the same branch, as the police, judiciary, and interior defence. They are a body of moral [illegible] teachers, who form as it were the advanced guard of the law, who have no power against crimes, but who [illegible] vice, from which crime proceeds, and who make the exercise of authority more rare by maintaining [illegible] subordination. If they were charged with all the functions that might be properly assigned to them for the [illegible] of the inferior classes, for the promulgation of the laws, the performance of divers public acts, the utility of their ministry would be more manifest. The more real [illegible] they render to the State, the less occupied will they be with dogmas and idle controversies, which *proceed from a desire of distinction and the inability to be useful*, [illegible] *hinder their becoming mischievous, their activity* [illegible] *their ambition ought to be directed to salutary objects.*(1)

Under this view, those even who do not acknowledge the basis of the religious sanction, cannot complain that they are made to contribute to the expense of its support, they will participate in its advantages.(2)

But if there be a great variety of worship and religion in a country, and a lawgiver be not led by previous [illegible] ment, or particular considerations, it would be more conformable to liberty and equality, to apply to the support of each church the contributions of its own particular religious community. The zeal of proselytism on the part of the clergy, might be feared it *is true, in this arrangement*; but it would be as probable, that from their mutual [illegible] would result a useful emulation, and that in balancing influence, they would establish a sort of equilibrium [illegible] the whole.

A very unhappy case might be imagined(3)—that of a people to whom the legislator would forbid the public exercise of their religion, while it charged them with the support of a ministry, teaching a religion which they look upon as the enemy of their own. This would be a double violation of Security. We should see in that people a habitual feeling of hatred toward their government, a [illegible] of change, a ferocious courage, a profound secrecy. A people deprived of all the advantages of a public religion, of known guides, of avowed priests, would be given over to ignorant and fanatical teachers; and the maintenance of this church would be encouragement for a sort of conspiracy, the faith of an oath, instead of being the safeguard of the State, would become its terror: instead of uniting the people to the government, would unite them against it, so that they would become as redoubtable for their virtues, as for their vices.

(1) Ahem!

(2) We—the *Men of America*—deny the principle inculcated—and affirm it—in the same breath. We renounce a public religion, while we oblige all to belong to some sect or other.

(3) It is not an imaginary case: it is in part [illegible] of Ireland.

THE DRAMA.

We give a place to the communication of 'C[illegible]' which contains some strictures on a criticism of a [illegible] rary print, upon the performance of Cinderella, on [illegible] day of last week. We discountenance all unnecessary unjust comparisons between Mr Brough and Mr C[illegible] for on no ground are they obnoxious to comparison. Our correspondent seems to have spoken from a [illegible] tive, and we insert his communication as it was written.

Mr Editor—There is an amusing communication [illegible] ed S. in the Evening Gazette of Saturday last. This article *purports* to be a dramatic criticism, or perhaps properly speaking, an *operatic* criticism. Let us hold it up to day-light a moment, and peek through the [illegible] its logic. S. is 'not fond of operas, has not a soul attuned to sweet sounds, and seldom visits the Theatre,' yet a self-dubbed connoisseur of music!—and [illegible] considerably competent one too! Now if [illegible] speaks truth upon his musical unsusceptibilities, how [illegible] lous for him to assume the dictatorial upon a subject which he very ingenuously confesses his ignorance [illegible] has falsified, his wit and wisdom, of course, fall to [illegible] —which horn of the dilemma would he prefer, think you?

The connoisseur remarks upon Mrs Wood's [illegible] ces, the effect of her matrimonial connexion. One would suppose that wedlock's chain had but recently [illegible] about her. We would ask all competent S. [illegible] he would more especially designate as having [illegible] Mrs Wood's person. To us, and our eyes have been faithful for her charms—she appears the same, precisely the same that she did a twelvemonth or more since—[illegible] of modest, yet self-possessed demeanor; graceful, [illegible] ing and intellectual; and whose natural language [illegible] patience, gentleness, benevolence and purity—is a [illegible] *private worth.* S. says he loves her—we doubt [illegible] pity her. 'Here is a brilliant spectacle, *got up at* [illegible] *expense.*' The connoisseur pretends to very little knowledge of the management of Theatres, yet here [illegible] the arcana of the green room. Now between [illegible] all-knowing S. the brilliant spectacle, of itself [illegible] at comparatively no expense at all. We are ready [illegible] to laud Mr Barry's 'princely munificence,' but we [illegible] lather him, head and shoulders with soft-soap; [illegible] connoisseur, when he read your ipse dixit. That the [illegible] are engaged at great cost, we assent—but if our [illegible] serves us aright, the scenery with a very few exceptions *not* new—it is the *same old sixpence*—but for [illegible] value scenery but little.

And Mr Brough—are you not flattered by the [illegible] of the redoubtable S. who 'loves not operas and [illegible] is not attuned to sweet sounds'?

As an actor, Mr Brough is above par—but as a [illegible] judging by his first performance of Cinderella, he [illegible] marvellously over-rated. S. esteems him the best [illegible] ever heard. This is all well enough for the new [illegible] lo, who probably never heard a decent bass singer [illegible] life, inasmuch as 'his soul is not attuned to sweet [illegible] To our eye and ear, Brough stood pretty nearly [illegible] el with Comer. In the quintette, 'Midst doubt [illegible] Brough did not equal Comer. His voice [illegible] fested no extraordinary compass, or the tones [illegible] in pith and sustained power; his *crescendo* [illegible] ble—the *voce di petto* and *voce di testa*, which [illegible] upon one note, pressing the former into the [illegible] swell, were most unskilfully patched together. [illegible] cret,' was passable, and nothing more—the [illegible] cupation and situation,' were failures—[illegible] wise equal to Comer's—and in fine it appears to [illegible] Mr Brough's transitions were often harsh and [illegible] anything but in taste. Mr Editor, we like to see fair play and justice rendered wherever due—but *professional* [illegible] *ism* we cannot stand. In regard to Whiting, his [illegible] was a most creditable performance—his voice is [illegible] strong, and pleasant—and he may be assured that he is [illegible] teemed as a man of valuable service to the opera.

As to the Orchestra, in humble deference to the [illegible] of the 'unattuned' S. we are disposed to believe that [illegible] the efficient performance of an opera like that of Cinderella, a strong instrumental accompaniment is [illegible] and in nowhere is its support so demanded, as in a [illegible] where no one voice leads, and where the chorus [illegible] well and spiritedly sustained, to be 'kept up to the [illegible] and in perfect harmony.

None but the soulless, lackadaisycal, *soi-disant* connoisseur S. would ever protest against encores for this [illegible] (a good thought enough) and then tumble into the [illegible] 'there can be too much of a good thing.' [illegible] 'transatlantic S! locomotive S!' CINDERELLA.

P. S. Mr Editor—Mr Brough has won [illegible] his performance of the part alluded to above. W[illegible] learnt that he was afflicted with a severe cold and [illegible] the chest his first night, and was generally [illegible] trim. But this fact only serves to illustrate the [illegible] *acumen* of the 'perpendicular and powerless' [illegible]

We heard the performance of 'No Song, no Supper' Tuesday evening, and were extremely gratified. Mr [illegible] personation of the sailor, was the best specimen [illegible] of the ocean, we remember ever to have seen. W[illegible] unqualified commendation in most cases, for [illegible]

that some faults may not be detected; but Mr Brough was the true open-hearted tar.

Miss Cushman has the groundwork of a good singer, and if she would confine herself when upon the stage to such music as she is perfectly acquainted with and can, correctly execute, she would be very acceptable to the audience—but the stage is not the place for a vocalist to *practice* upon. Miss Cushman has thus far appeared in parts where she was compelled to sing some most difficult passages, and we do her no injury when we say that she could not do them justice. She has been injudicious in her choice of characters. Her selection has been, in her *line*, what Richard the Third is to the tragic tyro—almost always chosen for a first appearance, and as often murdered. Mr C. H. Eaton is the only beginner whom we recollect to have struck boldly forward and maintained his ground.—Miss Cushman, as a vocalist, must begin a little more humbly.

Johnson was excellent in Endless. He identifies himself perfectly with the character he performs.

On Thursday 'The Barber of Seville,' was performed, and we had good acting, and it is almost unnecessary to say, good singing.

Mrs Wood's modest and lady-like deportment in every character, endears her to the audience as much as do her melodious tones.

Mr Comer must study his music. If we are not much mistaken, he was *out* once or twice. N.

The American House. After you get *inside the door*, every thing is exactly right, as we proved yesterday to the abundant satisfaction of our inward man, when we went there with a *friend* (*not Mr Brigham, reader*—) to luxuriate, at about the hour of two and a quarter. A better dinner—better viands—better cooked—better served, and better attended, never gratified the eyes of a gourmand. What *is* the best of all, *no liquors* are set on the table. We came away with a *full* and *hearty* good opinion of Mr Brigham's house—but the front door *is* too small. The house *looks* badly—very badly outside—but *when you are in*—Mr B. will fill you with all comfort. H.

Nobility in Limbo. The most noble the Marquis of Waterford, Viscount Joscelyn, Lord Beresford, and Col Dundas of the British Army, were arrested on Sunday night for *being intoxicated* and *smashing windows*. According to the *official* annunciation, these noblemen have *met* against New York. What has become of the most noble Yacht of these most noble noblemen, which sprung her mast and put into New York to repair?

The Comet may be seen now every clear evening. It appears like a small nebulous light.

We copy this week on our first page, 'Profile Sketches. No 1,' from the Pearl. They will be continued in this paper. H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are happy to announce for next week a piece of poetry by the well known and admired writer, 'Florence,' who will hereafter gratify our readers by favoring us with an occasional contribution—and a piece to 'Niebuhr,' by Ernest Berenger, Esq. We are publishing from time to time the prize articles, but circumstances often prevent us from announcing the one selected.

We would call the attention of our readers to the very excellent poetry on our outside by Ernest Berenger, Esq.—We heartily thank him for his attentions.

'Vindex,' is uncommonly kind to write us a letter of advice relative to our editorial duties. Unfortunately, however, for him, advice is an article we are not in the habit of taking from every one we meet, much more from those whom we do not know by name.

'Belvil' is a pitiful plagiarism. We advise the person who attempted to impose it on us as original, to return to his law books. He is known to us.

'Erin,' come down from the back of your Pegasus. He kicks badly and will throw you. Take prose and you'll do better.

'One who would if he could'—if he couldn't how could he?—He cant.

'S. S.' and 'B.' are respectfully declined; neither of the subjects is suitable for our paper.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.
FOREIGN.

From Europe. The packet ship Sally has arrived at New York from Havre, bringing Paris papers to Sept. 1. We copy the following summary from the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Restrictions upon the French Press. The discussion of the details of the Bill imposing restrictions upon the press, commenced in the Chamber of Deputies, Aug 26.—On the following day, article 1st, after an unsuccessful attempt to amend it, was adopted by a considerable majority. At this moment the greater part of the deputies of the extreme left, comprising Messrs Salverte, Lafitte, Arago, Garnier, Pages, Dupont de l'Eure, etc. quitted the Chamber. The Chamber proceeded with the remaining articles,—the question on the whole bill as amended was taken on the 29th and decided in the affirmative. Majority for the bill 73.

A few days since, while several ships were entering the harbor at Havre, and the quays were crowded with spectators, an old man discovered his son among the arrivals.—The effect of his joyful emotions was so violent that he dropped down dead on the spot.

M. Jaffrenou, editor of the Reformateur, has been found guilty by the Court of Assizes of instigating an attempt to overthrow the Government. He was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and a fine of 6000fr, which will be merged in the previous judgments pronounced against the Reformateur.

A very important capture has been made by the Police. For three weeks the officers had been in pursuit of one Pepin, ex-captain of the National Guards, upon whom very heavy suspicion rests, and among others that of having supplied to Fieschi the money with which he bought the gun barrels that composed the infernal machine. He was apprehended at his own house, whither he had gone to complete his preparations for going abroad. M. Pepin, is the same, who in 1832, was acquitted by the jury after having been condemned to death by a court martial, for having fired upon the National Guard on June 6th, from the window of his house, situated at the entrance of the Rue de Fauborg St Antoine. This arrest, it is expected will greatly facilitate the proceedings in Fieschi's affair.

We understand that the horse on which Sir Grenville Temple rode in the King's suite, on the 28th July, and which was the property of Col Thorn, (one of the swift trotting horses imported by that gentleman from the United States, was struck by a ball, and although not severely wounded, the noble animal died of it a few days since—another proof of the deadly nature of the projectiles in the infernal machine.

The Tribunal of Correctional Police the day before yesterday, sentenced in default the prisoners who escaped from Saint Pelagie by the subterraneous passage, to a years imprisonment and a fine of 50fr. Messrs. Roulleau, the director of the prison, Cambray, a Brigadier, Rene Bourreau, a gate keeper, and Guinard and Michaud, superintendants, were tried for aiding or conniving at the escape—but Rene Bourreau and Cambray alone were found guilty, and sentenced to be imprisoned for six days.

A London paper of Aug. 27. says—' The Mexican Minister leaves town on Saturday, for the Spanish capital to sign the special treaty of amity and commerce, which he has been negociating simultaneously with the great independence of the Spanish Americas, and which is at length settled upon a basis satisfactory to both countries.'

The Municipal Corporations bill was read the third time in the House of Lords, Aug. 27, as amended, passed, and returned to the Commons. Lord Melbourne previously moved to rescind the amendments, which motion was rejected by a vote of 89 to 160—majority against it 71.

DOMESTIC.

Municipal. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday,

Thursday evening next was assigned for the purpose of forming a convention of the City Council, for the purpose of determining the number of Representatives it is expedient for the city to send to the next General Court.

George P. Thomas and Seth E. Benson, licensed as Auctioneers.

Petition of Tisdale & Hewins and others, for a reservoir in India street.

Petition of Engine Co No 14, for a change of name of their engine from Cataract to Lion. Referred to the Committee on the Fire Department.

Warrants granted to the following officers of Engine No 14: Ephraim L. Snow, Foreman; Thomas Bancroft, 1st Assistant, and James Henry, 2d Assistant Foreman; and Henry H. Hosmer, Clerk.

Resolve passed to widen Commercial street near the Maine Railway.

Petition of George Darracott and others, to have Henchman lane widened; of Jacob Hall and others, to have Hanover street widened near Blackstone, Pond and Salem streets. Referred to the Committee on streets.

Two lamps to be placed and lighted in Northampton street.

The Committee on streets reported, that it is inexpedient to open the street prayed for from Phillips place to Bowdoin street, accepted.

Petitions of H. H. and A. K. Fuller, for a license for Equestrian performances in the riding school in the rear of Charles street: Of J. D. Dexter, for a license to exhibit serpents in Market square: Of Joshua Burgis, for a license to exhibit the Omnibus of Fine Arts in said square: Referred to the Committee on licenses.

Petition of the Wandering Piper for a license to play the Scotch and Irish pipes; laid on the table.

The Webster Vase. Our readers are already aware that the friends of Daniel Webster intend to present him with a costly piece of plate, in testimony of their appreciation of his exalted worth. The Committee, charged with the execution of their purpose, invested the funds intrusted to them in a splendid Silver Vase, of domestic manufacture, costing $1500. We are happy to state that it is finished, and will be presented on Monday evening, at the Odeon.—*Trans.*

Honesty and Liberality. On Monday a New York Merchant by the name of Farington stepped into a hack driven by Thomas Blake, having in his hand a package containing $30,000. Upon arriving at his residence, he accidentally left the money in the hack, and not having noticed its number, he was without any clue to the whereabouts of his cash, when he discovered his loss and consequently not in a very comfortable state of mind. His anxiety was soon relieved by the re-appearance of Blake, with the cash in his hand. Mr F. generously tendered him $800 for a reward for his honesty, but its acceptance was declined—and it is now his intention to present him with an elegant carriage, horses, and harness.—*Post.*

The premium for the best plan of laying out the Phillips Estate lands was awarded to Mr Alexander Wordsworth, surveyor.

Sale of Building Lots. The sixty four lots on Phillips Place and Tremont and Sommerset streets, were sold at an average price of $3 26 per square foot making an aggregate amount of $443,883. It is said that the late proprietors have made a profit by the purchase and sale of $100,000.

Capt Cash, master of the ship Courier, of Nantucket, has been arrested on a charge of killing his mate, during the late whaling voyage of that ship in the Pacific Ocean.—The crew give Capt C. an excellent character. He will be brought to this city for examination.

Charleston papers to Saturday evening last, were received by the steamboat Columbia, at New York, on Tuesday. A fire broke out in that city on Friday morning, which destroyed two or three wooden buildings, on the west side of King street. On Friday night, Stewart's Hotel, in Broad street, was burnt down. Both fires are supposed to be the work of incendiaries.

Yesterday as the steamboat Swan was leaving the dock at South Amboy for New York, a young gentleman named Baxley, brother of Capt Baxley, U. S. Army, in attempting to leap on board, missed the boat and fell into the water. He was struck by the wheel, thrown under, and was seen no more.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Richard Robbins, Esq to Julia, daughter of the late John Gorham, M. D.; Amos B. Babcock to Mary J. Hardy; Rev Ezra S. Gannett to Anna L. daughter of Bryant P. Tilden, Esq.; Ira Burnham to Hannah M. Joslyn; Horace B. Darling to Mehitable S. Lord; Daniel Brown to Elizabeth Ball; John B. Colman to Lucy H. Clough; John Smith to Mrs Elizabeth Smith; Capt Jonathan Nickerson to Jerusha Busford; Nathaniel Jenkins to Mary W. Tucker.

At Roxbury, Joseph H. Gardiner, of this city, to Mrs Harriet Robertson.

At Charlestown, Alfred Skelton to Martha Wilson.

At Cambridgeport, Lyman Wood to Rebekah Fogg.

At West Cambridge, William Schouler to Frances E. Warren.

At Malden, William H. Barker, Esq. of Nashville, Tenn. to Emeline Gordon Estes.

At Quincy, Alfred W. Whitcomb, of Randolph, to Lucy Ann Nash.

At Wrentham, Sidney Fisher, merchant of this city, to Susan B. Mellen.

At Attleboro', Elbridge G. Reed, of Easton, to Abigail Claflen.

At Andover, Abijah R. Baker, Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy of the Teachers' Seminary, to Harriet N. daughter of Rev Dr Woods.

At Harvard, Dr Augustus Robbins to Julianna Wilder.

At Stockbridge, Theodore Sedgwick, Esq. to Sarah Ashburner.

At Conway, Mass, Rev R. O. Dwight, of Northampton, to Mary Billings. Mr Dwight and lady expect to sail from Philadelphia for Ceylon, in November, as Missionaries of the American Board.

At Northampton, George W. Phipps, of Philadelphia, to Sophia Anne Hinckley, daughter of the late Hon J. H. Lyman.

At Portland, Elijah Adams, Jr. of this city, to Louisa Adams.

At Philadelphia, Simon P. Hastings, formerly of this city, to Mary, daughter of Thomas Massey, of Newcastle County Del.

At Washington, Major Truman Cross, Quarter Master in the Army, to Margaret, daughter of Laurence L. Van-Kleek, late of Albany; Silas Holman Hill, Esq. of the Treasury Department, to Mary B. daughter of the late Jas M. Varnum, Esq.

At Cincinnati, U. Tracy Howe to Sarah T. daughter of the late Charles Coolidge, of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Charles Thacher, son of George Hallett 19; Sarah Woodbridge, 45.

At Roxbury, Nathaniel Tileston, 72.

At Marblehead, Dolly, wife of Joshua Prentiss, Esq, 89.

At Andover, Capt Stephen Abbott, 53.

At Groton, Hon Timothy Fuller, 57.

At Worcester, Martha L. daughter of Hon Leonard M. Parker, of Shirley, and grand-daughter of the late Hon Levi Lincoln, of W. 26.

At Portsmouth, R. I. Capt John Stanton, 73, well known as the first person who commenced the line of N. York and Liverpool packets, and for several years commanded one of the ships in that trade.

At Wethersfield, Conn, Hon Stephen Mix Mitchell, 92.

At Geneva, N. Y. Hon Nathan Williams, one of the Clerks of the Supreme Court of that State, and for many years Circuit Judge and Vice Chancellor of this judicial district, and till recently an inhabitant of New York City.

A letter from Fort Gibson, Arkansas, states that Mr Edward Thompson, of Boston, was killed in the 'Black Hawk War;' date not mentioned.

PROSPECTUS.

WILD-FLOWERS AND SEA-SHELLS:
Being a selection from the writings, poetical and prosaic, of natives of Lynn; embracing the whole period of its history.

EDITED BY ALONZO LEWIS AND J. R. NEWHALL.

DURING the period embracing the history of this town, there have, from time to time appeared among us, our fellow-citizens are all aware, those, of either sex, who were justly looked upon as endowed with mental qualities far above the ordinary standard—those who have shone forth as stars of the first magnitude in our little community, and who, haply, under more auspicious circumstances, would have been hailed as brighter lights to a more extended sphere;—but who have yet passed from among us, leaving a few gems only scattered in their path to the tomb, as memorials of the peculiar favor of their God;—leaving here a few *flowers* gathered from the dark glen or the sunny height, and there a little glittering cabinet of *sea-shells* gleaned from the romantic shores, of their own loved home.

It is the object of the Editors to gather up these fragments, and select from among them such as they esteem most worthy of preservation; adding a series of articles, original and select, from the writers of the present day. It is not their aim to gain any thing in a pecuniary point of view; they ask only remuneration for their actual expenses, deeming the pleasure of presenting the little volume to their fellow citizens, sufficient reward for all their toil. It is believed that the work will also be interesting beyond the immediate sphere of its publication, as the interests and sympathies of this town and those around her have ever been most strongly united:—together have they toiled through the darkness of bygone years, and together have they arrived upon the sunny lands of prosperity.

The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expenses—and it is hoped that our fellow citizens will come forward with their accustomed liberality; many names will be required to meet the expenses, as the work will be executed in a style worthy of its object. It is designed that the volume shall be an 18mo of about 250 pages—delivered to subscribers at $1 per copy.

Subscriptions received by either of the Editors, at Lynn, or by H. Hastings Weld, Editor of the N. E. Galaxy, Boston.

Lynn, July 18, 1835.

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic Feathers; South American Hair; first rate Feather Beds; Hair Mattresses; Cushions, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 24 Union street. istf may 5

DIORAMA.
WRIGHT'S NEW PICTURES.

CAPT ROSS'S EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE! Open Saturday, October 3d, with two additional Views.

PHYSIORAMA. KENT, EAST INDIAMAN, ON FIRE, and beautiful representation of a VILLAGE IN SWITZERLAND.

The high reputation gained by the exhibition of the 'Departure of the Israelites,' (lately destroyed by fire at New York) and Belshazzar's Feast,' will, it is hoped, be a guarantee that the Pictures now offered for public approval, will also be deemed worthy their continued patronage.

Pamphlets descriptive of the views, will be delivered gratuitously.

Open from 8 till 1, and 3 till dusk.

Admittance, 25 cents; Season Tickets, 50 cents; and as the Views will be varied, and Novelties put forth between the months of October and April next, the public attention is respectfully called to this notice.

oct 3 tf

BOSTON AND BANGOR

STEAMBOAT COMPANY. A meeting of the Stockholders of the Boston and Bangor Steamboat Co will be holden at Concert Hall, on WEDNESDAY, 14th inst, at 3 1-2 o'clock P. M. to consider the expediency of selling either or both of the Company's Boats, with the view of procuring larger and better, and to act on such other business as may come before the meeting.

oct 3 MOSES KIMBALL, Clerk.

DAY & EVENING SCHOOLS

MESSRS. WHITNEY & BAKER, continue their *DAY SCHOOL*, in Harvard Place, opposite the Old South, where Young Men and Lads can receive a torough English Education

An efficient Writing Master is employed, and particular attention is paid by Mr Baker to those who wish to fit for the Counting Room.

Messrs. W. & B. will commence their *EVENING SCHOOL*, in the same place, on the first Monday in October. tf sept 26

RICH SILKS & MERINOS.

E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received 5 cases plain and figured SILKS and SATINS, large and small figures, rich colors, extra qualities and *new styles*.

3 cases extra super Lama Merinos—colors, bronze grass and invisible greens, browns, olive, adelaide, tyron, mulberry, fawn, drab, a-hes-of-roses, royal, scarlet, maroon, cherry, pink, blue, salmon, wax, gold, orange, black.

4 cases English Merinos, all colors *very low*.

5 " English and French Chintzes, some new and beautiful styles;

3 bales White Flannels, all widths and qualities, some *very fine*;

2 bales Highland Plaid Shawls, splendid patterns.

1 case Prussian Shawls and Hdkfs. a very desirable article for the season;

A good assortment of Broadcloths and Ladies' Cloths of fashionable shades; Buckskins, ribb'd and plain; Cassimeres; Blankets; Marseilles Quilts; white and col'd Table Cloths; Velvets; Raw Silk, Cashmere, Thibet and Merino Shawls and Hdkfs. in great variety, and other desirable goods, adapted to this season.

☞Purchasers are invited to call and examine the goods, as they are selling at *low prices*.

sep. 26 istf

LAST MANUFACTORY.

WIGHT'S Last Manufatory, in Fulton street, now in operation again.

The old friends and patrons of CHARLES WIGHT, are respectfully requested to '*drop in*' with their orders.

The enlargements and improvements introduced since the fire, it is hoped will enable this establishment to '*go-ahead*' on such a scale as to fulfil all orders with punctuality and despatch—at any rate, no efforts will be wanting to merit a continuance of that liberal patronage which has been extended to this establishment, since its commencement in May last.

The public are respectfully reminded that this establishment has no connection whatever with the manufactory in Front street, or the store in North Market street.

oct 3 3w No 30, Fulton street, Boston

NEW WORKS.

A NEW supply of Lawrence on the Diseases of the Eye, and Mackintosh's Principles of Pathology and Practice of Physic.

Life of Sir Walter Scott, with critical notices of his writings, by George Allen, Esq. which is commended as one of the most attractive books of its class published for a long period, is now published in Waldie's Library. Subscriptions to present volume, of which seven numbers are published, $2,50.

Parley's Almanac, for 1836, is now ready for delivery to the Trade and others. This work is designed to be continued, from year to year, and so be a pleasing manual to all ages. It contains nearly 100 pages of useful and amusing matter, with neat illustrations by wood engravings, and should be preserved as of permanent value. The Publisher has already received many flattering notices of its design and contents. S. COLMAN,

sept 12 20, Cornhill

FUR CAPS.

THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of FUR CAPS, consisting of Sea Otter, Fur Seal, Nutria, Imitation Fur Seal, Hair Seal, and other kinds of Fur Caps. Also, Fur Seal Gloves, Collars &c

sept. 19 GEORGE W EDMANDS

STRAW CARPETINGS,
AT A REDUCED PRICE.

100 PIECES Straw Carpetings, received this day, of a superior quality, for sale at a very reduced price by ELIAB STONE BREWER,

july 25 414 Washington street

THE ALEXANDRIAN.

NO 27, containing the conclusion of Madame de Stael's Influence of Literature upon Society; Reflections on Suicide, by the same author; and the commencement of Mason on Self Knowledge, to be completed in the next No. Just received by SAMUEL COLMAN,

aug 29 18 & 20, Cornhill

STOCK FRAMES,

BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 11, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of PARKER & COREY, is by mutual consent dissolved. H. D PARKER is duly authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm.

H. D. PARKER would also give notice that he has associated with him FRANKLIN WHITNEY, as a partner after this date. The business will be continued under the firm of PARKER & WHITNEY. aug 1

PHRENOLOGY.

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.—A Manual of Phrenology, written in a plain and practical style, by Silas Jones, Practical Lecturer, will shortly be issued from the press of the subscriber. S. COLMAN,

may 2 Publisher for the Trade.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of ROSS & NICHOLS, is by mutual consent dissolved. The business of the late firm will be settled by J. L. ROSS, who will continue the business at the old stand. JOSEPH L. ROSS,

august 8 PEREZ NICHOLS.

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,
INSTRUCTER OF THE
SPANISH LANGUAGE,
AND OF
DRAWING.

feb7 Joy's Building. Room, No. 24

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS

HOVEY & CO. Horticultural Seed Warehouse, 79 and 81 Cornhill, have just received, in the Gallia Venillia, from Rotterdam, a fine assortment of Summer Bulbs; consisting of Tuberoses, Amaryllis Formosissima, Gladiolus Natalensis, Tigridia Conchiflora, &c.

june 20

BROADCLOTHS.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c

For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S *variety Cloth Store, No. 48 Washington street.*

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and *fashionable* Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city: and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valentia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Padding; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.

This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured that prices shall average as low as can be named for the like articles, by any others in Boston. 6m may 2

RICH ALBUMS.

A LARGE assortment of the above article, consisting of Arabesque, embossed Rich Calf, and fancy gilt Bindings—of a very superior style and quality, are just received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington st. august 29

PHRENOLOGICAL LECTURES.

THE Boston Phrenological Society inform the public that a course of Lectures will be given under their direction during the ensuing season, at the Hall of the Masonic Temple. John Neal, Esq. of Portland, will deliver the Introductory Lecture, on FRIDAY EVENING, 23d October, which will be followed weekly by four Lectures, by J. B. Flint, M. D. on the Anatomy of the Human Brain, and upon the Comparative Anatomy of the Brains of Animals. The Rev. Mr. Bradbury, will then give eight or nine Lectures on the peculiar doctrines of Phrenology, including a description of the organs; and other competent Lecturers will finish the course, which will consist of about fifteen lectures delivered on every successive Friday evening.

☞ Tickets admitting a lady and gentleman may be obtained at two dollars each at the Bookstores of Marsh, Capen & Lyon, Wm. D. Ticknor, Munroe & Francis &c. oct 3

BOSTON AND LOWELL
RAIL ROAD.

THE Cars for the present and until further notice will

Leave Boston at 8¼ A. M.	Leave Lowell 8 A. M.
" 11 A. M.	" " 2 P. M.
" 4½ P. M.	" " 4 P. M.

No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each, 40 lbs.

Tickets may be had at the Depot, corner of Leverett and Brighton streets. Price One Dollar each.

oct 3 GEO. M. DEXTER, Agent.

BOAS! BOAS!! BOAS!!!

THE subscriber has just opened a large lot of FUR BOAS of different qualities, which will be sold at very reasonable prices. Those in want of this desirable article for the approaching season, will do well to call at No. 40, Hanover street, under the American House.

sept 19 istf GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON. The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.

april 25 414, *Washington-street.*

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE

THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business, under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf.

Refer to Messrs.

Rob't G. Shaw & Co. and
Edw. & Wm. B. Reynolds.

BENJ. BRUCE,
july 4 JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

NEW BOOKS.

THOUGHTS ON QUARANTINE AND OTHER SANITARY SYSTEMS. Being an Essay which received the Prize of the Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, in August 1834. By Charles Caldwell, M. D.

Veritas atque utilitas antiquitati præponendæ sint.

CROCKETT'S LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

The Life of Edmund Kean.

Francesca Carrara. By L. E. L. author of Romance and Reality.

Miss H. F. Gould's Poems—New Edition.

The American Anti-Slavery Almanac, for 1836.

Received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 1

DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade: Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils: Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Paletts: China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

NEW BOOKS.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS—In three volumes.

PAYNE'S ELEMENTS of Mental and Moral Science, designed to exhibit the original susceptibilities of the mind, and the rule by which the rectitude of any of its states or feelings should be judged.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

NEW WORK.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL of the Medical Sciences for August. This day received by the Agents of the work, MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 29

BLEACHED AND BROWN
AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—

Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cocheco Sheetings,
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do

With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.

Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do

with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.

Bleached and Brown Drillings.

Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pengrove, Methuen Company Assanpink and Sharon Tickings.

Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.

The above goods were brought before the rise of Cottons, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

CHEMICAL
EMBROCATION,
Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.
Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

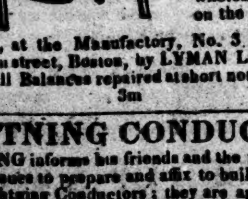
Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion.—Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 cts and 25 cts. april 25

REMOVAL.

S. COLMAN, (successor to Lilly, Wait & Co.) periodical and wholesale publisher, has removed from 121 Washington street, to Nos. 18 and 20, Cornhill, (same building with R. P. & C. Williams) where will be continued the publication of the People's, Penny, and Parley's Magazines, Young Man's Guide, &c.—Also, the general agency of Waldie's Library, Blackwood and Metropolitan Magazines, and Foreign Quarterly Review, Alexandrian Library, Duff Green's Jurist, Medical Register, as well as of the other principal periodical publications throughout the United States.

july 11

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.



PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS

DR. KING informs his friends and the public that he continues to prepare and affix to buildings, his improved Lightning Conductors; they are approved by all practical and well informed Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old form.—Gentlemen in want of Lightning Conductors are invited to call at his rooms, No. 86 Cornhill, Boston, where they may be satisfied of the superior efficacy of his Rods, by illustration; where also may be had, Plate and Cylinder Electrical Machines, Galvanic Batteries and their apparatus—all warranted of the best workmanship, and superior power; prices reasonable, for cash or approved credit. july 18

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

THE Subscriber having dissolved partnership with Mr. Hills, Ladies' Shoe Maker, School street, begs leave to acquaint the Ladies of Boston and its vicinity, that he has again commenced business at No. 21 School street, a few doors above his former shop, where he respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former customers. ROBERT KNOTT.

july 11

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

OF Useful and Entertaining Information, contains a large variety of most useful and interesting matter with beautiful illustrations, by wood engravings.

No's 5 and 6, just issued, contain, among other original and selected articles, an engraving of the method of teaching the blind, with a particular account of the N. E. Institution. The work is continued monthly, at $1 per year. S. COLMAN,

General Periodical and Book Publisher.

aug 29 Nos 18 and 20, Cornhill.

MRS. GRISWOLD'S
SUPERIOR OINTMENT.

MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her Superior Ointment, which can be had of Mr. HENRY WELSH, (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same,) at his Store, No. 235, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself;—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients; and well known to thousands who have used it, for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts, and the various humors incident to the human system.

☞Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her former customers, for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors; but, to prevent counterfeits, which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her at 283 Washington street, or of her agent, as above directed.

april 4 3m

DR. PHELPS' ARCANUM.

THIS Syrup is celebrated for the cure of Scrofula, Eruptions or Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis or Venereal Complaints, Rheumatism, Ulcers in the Throat and other parts of the Body, Mercurial Affections, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, deep-seated pains in the Muscles, Bones, &c., and a regenerator of emaciated and broken constitutions, caused by disease, intemperance, &c.

From the Republican.

Mr Editor—For years past, my children have been severely affected with a disease of the skin, of an exceedingly obstinate character. The eruption sometimes was distinct, of a pustular form, and again would be confluent and laminated, and occupy the whole surface, and the scalp of one of them, in particular, was so completely encrusted, that the hair became matted over the whole head, presenting, as must be obvious, a very disagreeable appearance, besides a constant discharge of matter. The disease, in all of them, assumed during its existence, a variety of shapes and appearances, and seemed to defy the power and ingenuity of the healing art. I have, however, reason to believe from observation and enquiry, that Eruptions, or Diseases of the kind are not uncommon among children, and even adult persons; though they may not often attain that aggravated character, as in the present instance. During the past winter, which season of the year I am persuaded is the most unfavorable for curing diseases or eruptions of the skin, I procured a number of Dr. Phelps' Arcanum, and administered it, to one of two of my children, who were the most severely afflicted. In a short space of time I observed an evident amendment in their condition, the eruption gradually disappeared, and I commenced giving the Arcanum to the remaining number, with similar and decided success. The eruption in all of them has entirely disappeared, and they now appear healthy and in good condition, by this treatment only. EMERY PERRY.

Worcester, May 1, 1835.

From the Worcester Republican of July 22d, 1835.

We consider it a small tribute of commendation to the character of the Arcanum of Dr. Phelps, to remark that its success over other kinds of treatment in the cure of diseases of the skin, scrofula, and many other chronic and obstinate diseases, is astonishing.

The case of Mrs L. W. Stowell of this town, and of the daughter of M. Davenport, Esq. of Boylston, are instances of success that should be recorded. We publish to-day the certificate of Mr. Perry with regard to the efficacy of the article in the treatment of his family, at his request.

For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, wholesale and retail dealer in Paints, Medicines and Dye Stuffs, 26 and 27, India-street, near the head of Central wharf, Boston.

Also for sale by Druggists generally. august 8

APPROVED
SCHOOL BOOKS.

ALGER'S MURRAY'S GRAMMAR.—Being an abridgement of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix; containing exercises in Orthography, in Parsing, in Syntax, and in Punctuation—designed for the younger classes of learners—by Lindley Murray. To which questions are added, punctuation, and the notes under Rules in Syntax copiously supplied from the author's large grammar, being his own abridgement entire revised, prepared, and adapted to the use of the "English Exercises"—by Israel Alger, Jr. A. M. recently a teacher in Hawkins street School, Boston.

As a cheap and compendious elementary work for general use, this is probably the best Grammar extant, and is rapidly gaining an introduction into most of the towns in New-England. Though furnished at a moderate price, it is so copious as, in most cases, to supersede the necessity of a larger work.

[Extract from the Records of the School Committee, Boston.]

At a meeting of the School Committee, held at the Mayor and Aldermen's rooms, May 5, 1824, it was—Voted, That Alger's Abridgement of Murray's Grammar, Boston stereotype edition, be introduced into the public Reading and Grammar Schools in this city.

John Pierpont, Secretary.

Alger's Murray's English Exercises—consisting of Exercises in Parsing, instances of false Orthography, violations of the rules in Syntax, defects in Punctuation, and violations of the rules respecting perspicuous and accurate writing—with which the corresponding rules, notes and observations, in Murray's Grammar are incorporated: also, References in Promiscuous Exercises to the Rules by which the errors are to be corrected. Revised, prepared and particularly adapted to the use of Schools; by Israel Alger, jr A. M.

Extract from the Preface.

It is believed that both teachers and pupils have labored under numerous and serious inconveniences, in relation to certain parts of these Exercises, for want of those facilities which this volume is designed to supply. Those rules in Mr Murray's Grammar which relate to the correction of each part of the Exercises in Orthography, Syntax, Punctuation and Rhetorical construction, have been introduced into this manual immediately preceding the exercises to which they relate. The pupil being thus furnished with the principles by which he is to be governed in his corrections, may pursue his task with profit and pleasure. In this edition, more than forty 18mo pages of matter have been added from Mr Murray's Grammar.

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION—by R. G. Parker, Principal of the Franklin Grammar School Boston, 6th stereotype edition. Price, neatly bound, 31 cents. Twenty thousand copies having been sold of this popular work, the Publisher has now stereotyped it; and the author desirous of rendering it more worthy of the favor it has received, has made some additions, which will supersede the necessity of using any abridged treatise of Rhetoric in connection with it.

Extract from the Preface.

Two great obstacles beset the pupil in his first attempts at composition. The first is the difficulty of obtaining ideas, (or learning to think;) the second is that of expressing them properly when obtained. In this volume the author has endeavored to afford some assistance to the pupil in overcoming these difficulties. The simplicity of the plan here proposed requires no labored explanation. The first exercise or lesson consists in giving the word, or a number of words, and instead of asking for a definition of them requiring him to use them in a sentence or idea of *his own*. From this single exercise he is led onward through a series of lessons in easy and regular procession, from the simplest principles to the most difficult practice. If on the first inspection any of the Lessons appear too difficult, the author respectfully requests the tests of trial and experience before they are condemned. They have been performed, and the *Models* of some of those apparently the most difficult, were written by the pupils in the school of which he has the charge.

☞As evidence in favour of the merit and utility of this work, the fact may be stated, that it has been republished in England, and received commendable notices from the public journals. The following Recommendation is furnished.

From Mr Walker, Principal of the Elliot School, Boston.

By such a work all the difficulties and discouragements which the pupil has to encounter in his first attempts to write, are in a great measure removed, and he is led on progressively in a methodical and philosophical manner, till he can express his ideas on any subject, which circumstances or occasion may require, not only with sufficient distinctness and accuracy, but even with elegance and propriety. An elementary treatise on composition, like the one before me, is certainly much wanted at the present day. I think this work will have an extensive circulation, and I hope the time is not distant when this branch of education, hitherto much neglected, will receive that attention which in some degree its importance demands.

☞The same author has in progress, a second part, or Sequel to the above popular work.

Teachers and others interested in education who have not examined the above, are invited to call and receive copies (gratis) for this purpose.

New editions of the above popular School Books, handsomely printed from stereotype plates, and neatly bound, just published and for sale at 77 Washington street, Joy's Buildings, and by the principal booksellers in the United States.

Also, for sale as above, a general assortment of School and Classical Books. Teachers and country merchants are respectfully invited to call. 6wis6m may 30

DRY GOODS,
AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimere, Rouen Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.

4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to *shrink* in washing.

2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.

1 bale Domet Flannel.
4 do col'd American do.
4 do col'd Dometts.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimoties.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Poult de Soie Silk, at 3s per yard, of an excellent quality.

Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints.
Cases and Bales of brown and bleached Cottons.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 3s 3d per yard.
1600 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.

Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 5c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.

1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.

Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 3s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 2s pr yd.

1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.

2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. marked L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do American Sewing Cotton.
5 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.

7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.

ELIAB STONE BREWER,
may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

REMOVAL.

A. B. GALUCIA, Painter, has removed from his former stand, corner of Water and Bath street, to the rear of 251 Washington street, where he will continue all kinds of HOUSE and SIGN PAINTING and GLAZING. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. 2mis august 22

BENJAMIN WILLIS,
DRAPER AND TAILOR,

No. 2, Tudor's Buildings, Court Square, two doors from Court-street, Boston,

MOST respectfully informs the public, that he has taken the Shop lately occupied by Andre & Lovell, where he intends to carry on the TAILORING BUSINESS in its various branches, and solicits a share of the public patronage

B. W. has on hand a good assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, which will be sold as *low* as can be purchased elsewhere in the city.

☞Particular attention paid to Cutting, and in workmanship, style, or fit, there will be ☞" *No Mistake.*"

august 22 6t

ACCORDIONS,
WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by

JOSEPH L. BATES,
march 21 6 Court street near Washington st

J. BURRILL,
MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,
73
CORNHILL.

july 11 6w

BOOTS AND SHOES,
FOR CASH,
AT VERY LOW PRICES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY
THOMAS C. WALES,
No 195 Washington Street

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it *useful*, shall be constantly introduced. *Juvenile Music* is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Profs. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis*.

The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hertford and Boston, among those *who have given their signatures* to "the full approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

BALTIMORE.

John Prentiss, Prin. Acad. Dep. University, Md.
Francis Waters, Select Academy.
A B Cleveland, Prin. Female High School.
William Hamilton, Lexington st. High School.
S W Roszel Prin. Boisseau Academy.
S B Rittenhouse, Prin. Male Public No. I.
Samuel P Skinner, Young Ladies' Seminary.
Samuel W Kirkham, Au. of a popular Eng. Grammar.
Susan M Ingalls, Select Female Seminary.
Rev J P K Henshaw, Rector of St Peter's Church.
Rev R J Breckinridge, Pastor Presby. Church.
Rev. John D Bartow, Rector Trinity Church.

PHILADELPHIA.

Samuel B. Wylie, D D Prof An. Languages in the University of Penn.
Walter R Johnson, Prof Mechanics, and Nat. Philos. in the Franklin Inst.
R W Cushman, Prin. Young Ladies' Collegiate Inst.
Rev S W Crawford, Select School, Chesnut st.
Rev Charles Henry Alden, Young Ladies' High School.
Charles Picot, Select School for Young Ladies.
John M Keagy, Friends' Academy, 4th st.
S C & B Walker, Scientific and Class. Acad.
Oliver A Shaw, Teacher of a Classical School.
N Dodge, Prin. Harmony Hall Seminary.
John Frost, 8th st. Select School.
C D Cleveland, Select High School.
Rev Sam'l A McCoskry, Rector St Paul's Church.
Stephen H Tyng, D D Rector Ch. of the Epiphany.
Ezra Stiles Ely, D D Pastor of 3d Pres. Church.
Rev John McDowell, Pastor Central Pres. Church.
Rev John W James, Asst. Minister Christ Church.
W H Delancy, D D.

NEW-YORK.

Wm T Adams, Teacher Select School.
Edmund Barry, D D Prin. Classical Acad.
R Huddart, Select School.
George W Hall, Prin. Washington Institute.
L D Windsor, Prin Public School No. 1.
Rev Geo Bush, Prof N Y University.
Rev Chs Anthon, Prof Columbian College.
Rev J F Schroeder, Asst Minister Trinity Church.
F S Worth, Prin Academy, Franklin st.
Rev John Powell, Rector St Peter's Church.
Rev H Anthon, Assist Minister Trinity Church.
Rev John Woodbridge, Pastor of Bowery Church.
John McVickar, D D, Prof Mor Phil'y Columbia College.
Rt Rev B T Onderdonk, Bishop P E Church, N Y.
Eliza Robbins, Author Popular Lessons, &c.
Lyman Cobb, Author of several valuable School Books.

HARTFORD.

Mrs L H Sigourney. T A Knox, Prin Central School.
F Goldthwait, Prin So Public School.
John P. Brace, Prin Female Seminary.
Rev Henry Stanwood, Pastor So Baptist Church.
Rev Horace Hooker, Editor Conn Observer.
Rev C C Vanarsdalen, Pastor 2d Church.
Rev Joel Hawes, Pastor 1st Church.
Rev G F. Davis, Pastor 1st Baptist Church.

BOSTON.

Rev Joseph Tracy, Editor of the Recorder.
Rev F W Greenwood, Rector King's Chapel.
Rev Wm Jenks, Pastor Church Green st.
Rev J S Stone, Rector St Paul's Church.
Rev H Winslow, Pastor Church Bowdoin st.
Rev Baron Stow, Pastor 2d Baptist Church.
Edward Reynolds, M D. John Randall, M D.
S D Townsend, M D. J V C Smith, M D.
S A Shurtleff, M D.
F Emerson, author of several popular School Books.
Samuel Barrett, Prin Adam's School. J Fairbanks, Writing Master.
Levi Conant, Writing Master, Elliot School.
Barnum Field, Prin Hancock do.
P Mackintosh, Jr Writing Master, Hancock st.
Cornelius Walker, Prin Wells School.
Abner Forbes, Prin Belknap st School.
T B Hayward, Select School Mt Vernon st.
James Robinson, Writing Master, Derne st. School.
Charles Fox, Prin Boylston School.
A Bronson Alcott, Sel't Prin School, Masonic Temple.
John P. Lathrop, Writing Master, Wells School.
Chs K Dillaway, Prin Public Latin School.
D H Storer, M D. Chandler Robbins, M. D.
J H Lane, M D.
Josiah Holbrook, Lecturer on Lyceums, &c. &c.

Published by S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. and will be supplied on the day of publication in Portland, by Colman & Chisholm; New-York, Nelson & Hall; Philadelphia, John M. Gummey; Baltimore, Richards & Sons; Washington, D. C. Duff Green; Richmond, Va. Richard D. Sanxay; Buffalo, N. Y., T. M. & M Butler; New Orleans, Charles H. Buswell.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Portland Magazine.]

THE MARRIAGE-RING.

BY JOHN NEAL.

DEAR Sister! Thou art married—*thou!*
And I upon the bed of death;
I see it in thy altered smile,
I know it by thy trembling breath.

And thou art happy! Be it so,
Most happy! I can *feel* it dear;
Thy soft hand palpitates in mine,
As 'twere a live bird prisoned here;

Thy blushing lip—the gentle warmth
That's in thy large contented eyes;
Oh yes! I read it all as though
'Twere written out o'er yonder skies—

The awful skies! which even now
Are changing with a bridegroom-light,
The last that I shall ever see,
Or ever wish to see—good-night!

And saying this, her light frame shook,
And all her black redundant hair
Broke loose, and like a shadow fell
Upon the snowy pillow there.

'Twas like a sky at once o'ercast,
The darkening of a happy face,
The stooping of a fearful shape
O'ershadowing the place!

A moment—and the sweet girl lay,
As if her spirit had departed;
And by her knelt the youthful bride,
As if she too were broken-hearted.

And straight a death-like stillness fell
Upon the faces in that room,
And as the lights flared, shadows moved
Like giant spectres through the gloom.

At last a smothered cry arose,
A shivering of the drapery where
Locked hands and marble faces shook,
That heap of dark dishevelled hair.

A struggle, and the young bride lay
Outstreatched there like a lifeless thing:
For she had felt the lips of *death*
Pressed to her golden marriage-ring!

CHAPTER ON PIGS. A pig is a much abused animal; every unthinking boy worries, and every urchin throws brick bats at them—but they go through the world and put up with every thing with a most commendable philosophy. The gourmand who boasts of his fine tastes, and devours *pates*, sauces, and a thousand kinds of meats, is not a whit more luxurious than a pig who lies in the mud and water of a long summer day, and grunts at every one who goes by him. A pig is like a politician. There is no hole so narrow or so dirty that he will not creep through, squealing lustily all the while to get a mouthful of corn from the public crib. They live in filth, and it is a second nature to them, and there is another point of resemblance. There is no animal that makes so much noise at a trivial mishap—and none that gets over it and goes off quietly, so quickly as a pig. The whole business of their lives is to get fat, and therein they resemble an alderman. They are more obstinate than a Dutchman, more perverse than a mule, and yet there is a laconic brevity about them in which they have the advantage of editors who write long articles to let the people know that they are on the fence.

Reader did you ever drive a pig to market? If you did, you must have observed how the little squealer run from side to side of the road, like an editor accommodating himself to the humors of his patrons. All at once, he would dodge you and run back with all his might, and if you had a cord to his neck, it was always about your legs.

Almost every animal in the world goes out of it more decently than a pig. He makes as much noise about it as if his life was worth something, and squeals like vengeance till the last minute of his mortal existence. In this he is inconsistent, for he loses the character of a philosopher, which he has hitherto supported. He does indeed 'screw his courage to the' *sticking point*,' but there it fails him. We could never explain to ourselves why a pig should be so terrified at the thought of death It cannot be that his conscience troubles him, and forces him to set up so dolorous a lamentation. It is hard to get him to die, as to put truth into the mouths of certain editors. Pigs are true republicans. They understand liberty and equality to perfection; they have their rights, and they defend them. They sleep after a true republican fashion; and if one of their bretheren undertakes to disturb them of a cold night, they make as woful an outcry as did a neighbor of ours when he lost a 'fat job.' A Pig's whole life is a farce, and ends in his being hung up by the heels with a stick in his mouth, subject to the orders of the kitchen cabinet.—*Pennsylvanian.*

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

BROOKS'S LETTERS.

NO. X.

THINGS IN ENGLAND.

JUNE 1835.

I write you from a place called Paitley Bridge,—a little English village ugly enough to the eyes as almost all their villages are—on the river Nidd,—a *river* with something more than a thimble full of water in it. It was quite dark, made by a Scotch mist, when we reached here on foot,—and made for a little Public House, in which there was a collection of Yorkshiremen discussing something or other over their mugs of beer, but in a tongue, which was all Greek to me, for I could not even *guess* out one word in forty, as they rattled off together word after word in amazing volubility. This is England then, thought I—this the place where such pure English is spoken, that English travellers come over to us, and ridicule the mass of our countrymen who do not speak by line and rule, not one of whom, however, cannot be easily understood. This is the boasted English language of an Englisman's home—this gibberish here,—this broad mouthed jargon, that an Englishman himself cannot understand at all! I listened with astonishment. I had no idea that there was a race of men on earth, who pretended to speak English, that spoke such English as this.—Upon my word I could not even guess what was the topic of their earnest conversation, for the rattling of their 'clog-shune' as they call them (shoes with wooden soles) was as intelligable to me as the music of their throats. But more of this by and by.

At York I resolved upon a new way of travelling.—In coaches and steam boats, every body travels—but I came to England to see *the people* of England, and them I mean to see, cost whatsoever of labor it may. I therefore sent my portmanteau on to Edinburgh, (a portmanteau or valise is all I ever take in travelling, and that holds twice as many things as are necessary to go over the world with, if one has a depot in some principal place —the top of one's hat is quite large enough,—and a portmanteau will hold an entire change of clothes, Sunday-dress and all)—and then I bade adieu to coaches and made for the bye ways, and crooked ways, with only my surtout under my arm—and my little writing materials in one of its pockets, holding paper, pen, ink, sealing-wax, wafers, seals, pencil, rule and line, pins, needles, silk, false collars, and other notions. Thus armed and equipped, I sallied forth for the heart of Yorkshire. Plague on a coach—we had not walked two miles before one passing by tempted us in, for we had not philosophy enough as yet to resist such a temptation. We rode to Ripon about twenty miles, I believe —over a very good road,—passing one place where a few poor retired gentlemen lived on an estate which had been devoted for bequest for such a purpose, with other funds to keep up the establishment, and observing nothing very remarkable unless it was some hordes of Irish laborers coming over in search of work, begging, and chasing after our coach, crying for 'pennies' with broods of children in their train;—or patches of ground close on the road, outside of an estate, given to the poor of the parish to cultivate. By the way, the poor of England, considering their number, are wonderfully taken care of. An English beggar, is seldom seen. Mendicity is often forbid by law, and mendicants are taken up as vagabonds. In the streets of London, placards are carried about all over the city, cautioning the public not to give, and stating that all the poor are provided for with work and food and clothing. Thus beggary is put down,—and but few pretend to beg in England unless they invent some quid pro quo in the way of a song—some little mineral or some pretty flower, which almost always opens one's heart.

I did not tarry long to look at the Cathedral or Minster, as it is called, for after having seen that of York, my curiosity was not very sharp,—and this was upon a much smaller scale. I gave the town of Ripon but a glance, and started for Studley Park some two or three miles a-head. The first view we had of this well-known Park was after our emerging from some ugly villages, when all at once, we came upon a beautiful green, stretching as far as the eye could reach, studded here in irregular beauty, with wide spread elms of luxuriant foliage, and dotted all over with groups of deer and sheep grazing upon the matted grass. The spectator at first, fancies, he has stept into another sphere, so beautiful is every thing he sees about him. Here are gravel walks —and under the shade of trees are circular seats where one can read in peace for hours. Over your head is the music of sweet toned birds, and by your feet is the sparkling and babling river Skell. In yonder view, far down the vista of trees, are the Gothic pinnacles of the stately Minster, and above and beyond you on a little hill is a work of art. I wandered in the little woods. I surveyed the mansion, the chapel and its lodges. I took another view of the distant Minster, to obtain which the branches of the intervening trees have been lopped off.—and the Minster there seemed to spring up as from the wood. But all this delight was but trifling in comparison with the more delicious view that soon opened upon us. We passed the lodge of the pleasure grounds—(in England almost all estates have grounds laid out in walks, highly adorned, and cultivated as pleasure grounds)—and after inscribing our names in an album, where I observed the names of many other Americans,—we entered what was indeed a fairy land. Such beauty my eyes never beheld. Here was a little mountain laurel trimmed in the form of a pyramid. Now the river Skell branched out into a lake in whose waters were gliding the pike and trout, anon it murmured over an artificial water-fall. About me were the trees of many climes, and with others the American fir. Here was a hedge thickly grown, and skillfully trimmed. There was an opening in the little forest that opened to other forests still, or to another peep of the little river, or the little lake, with the green islets in its bosom. Here was a lawn shaded by some lofty oaks, and there was a thicket too wild to penetrate.—Here was a ledgy precipice of fearful steepness,—and through this vista some marble statue of some Roman god. Now I am on a little Hill, seated with some wide view before me, and anon, I am in a vale of luxuriant wealth. The birds are about me warbling their sweetest melody—the wind sighs plaintively through the thickly branching trees—the rippling of the rivulet over its bed of stone is heard—and I hear from this mound, the (Gothic seat, it is called,) and so through this vista sounds, and things I never heard or saw before,—the note of the cuckoo—and the caw of the jackdaw, as it flutters about the ruins of an Abbey in the distance—the time-worn sides of which I can already see embraced in ivy.

A ruin! all my fancy was aroused at the thought, and I hurried my guide from the seat here prepared to give the spectator the first view in the distance, towards the lone walls of Fountain's Abbey. I had never seen a ruin of any magnitude before,—and oh, how awful are such first impressions when first looking at the time-worn, and crumbling wall and arches of such religious institutions. I hurried rapidly down the paths winding under thickly shadowing branches. I came to a bridge over the Skell, already in ruins, in which were growing stout trees, indicating its age, and so thick with earth and vegetation as to be concealed but for the water that is heard gurgling by the stones, that have fallen from the arch;—and soon I came to the lone Abbey in the glen, so far from the road—all hidden by woods and crags, all silence and desolation, as if here the very genius of solitude sat brooding in moody sovereignty.—What a scene was about and above me! Loud was the croak of the rook and the jack-daw. This quivering arch hangs in threatening altitude. I am watching the little lad that is gathering pink seed to transplant to the pinacles of the Tower. I looked with surprise at the grass and the trees high in air on the battlements of the walls. Here is a stony figure of a Norman Baron on a coffin of stone, which his friends fain believed would give him immortality and peace,—but his bones are gone, and he is forgotten long ago. This covering has been wrenched from another coffin,—and the very name of the once-proud Nobleman is known no more. Over the earth where Abbot and Monk once trampled, the grass is growing, as if it had never been disturbed but by the shears or the scythe. The swallow is twittering in the cloisters,—and the ivy twines amid fantastic device, and sculptured arch. Art too, and man have done their best to add romance to this scene. An inner court is full of flowers, there cultivated within the walls, and thus by the very contrast, making even romance more romantic.

But I shall weary you, and cover sheets of paper, were I to attempt fully to describe this which I know, must be the most beautiful spot on earth. If I were a Poet, I would beg of the owner, for a habitation—even a nook in the corner of the monstrous Kitchen-fire place yet left standing, and if I had none of the poetic soul, the very inspiration of the scene about would give me one.

'I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history.'

But yet, thank God, we have no such monuments of priestly extortion in our own country—no such relics of a gloomy superstition, and sad corruption, for if history is true, the Monk and the Bacchanal here was one —the Abbey was a haram as well as a *House of God!* True, we have not such thought-inspiring solitudes for fancy to draw its visions in. Our history does not stretch backwards as England's does, upon a thickly clustered Past,—but the American eye is on the Present and Future. We have done, and are doing what will lift us above the glory of Rome,—and when the time of a thousand years has consecrated it, the stupendous end of small beginnings, will leave a harvest for Poetry and Fame.

The Abbey now in ruins, of which I have been speaking, once covered twelve acres of ground, including all its outworks. The very ruins now covered two acres.—The Park and all stretch over an extent of 650 acres.—It is now the property of a Miss Lawrence, or Mrs. Lawrence, as she is called who is now 76 years of age.—The property after her decease, descends to some Lord or other whose name I have forgotten. The grounds were laid out and embellished by Mr. Aislie at an immense expense. Mr. A. was for many years a member of Parliament. He annexed Mountain's Abbey to his estate by purchase. The expense of supporting them even now in their present state would consume the income of almost any single rich man in America. Of course such property could not long be kept together where the law of Primogeniture did not prevail. I have said nothing here of numerous statues on the pleasure grounds—busts—nothing of the little edifices called Temples,—nothing of the gladiators, gods, and demi-gods, &c. because they are quite common affairs in the world—and I have not room to say half as much as might be said of this, which I repeat, MUST be the most beautiful place on earth.

With the eye amply gratified, and weary of reflection, I left the Park with my friend. All our baggage was with us. We did not care where we went, provided our course was West, toward the Lakes of England,—and therefore, taking the points of the compass, we struck into a bye-road leading to the heart of Yorkshire—and I have already told you that I am at Paitley Bridge. B.

AMERICAN JURIST,

NO 28 FOR OCTOBER.

OWING to the loss of part of the sheets, by the late fire in Devonshire street, the publication will be delayed a few weeks. SAMUEL COLMAN, Publisher,
oct 3 20, Cornhill.

PERIODICALS

FOR OCTOBER—
American Quarterly Review, No 35.
Annals of Education, No 10.
Scientific Tracts, No 7.
Blackwood Metropolitan & For. Quarterly No 29.
Waldie's Port Folio, No 7.
Waldie's Library, No 13.
American Gardener's Magazine, No 10
Penny Magazine, No 4.
Religious Magazine, No 11.
oct 3. S. COLMAN, 20 Cornhill.

TOOTH ACHE.

THE EDINBURGH TOOTH ACHE PASTE is a positive remedy for the above complaint, as can be established by numerous certificates. It is perfectly harmless in its application, and frequently effects a cure in the space of five minutes. For sale by the following druggists—JOS. KIDDER, corner of Hanover and Court streets; A. GEYER, Hanover street; CHAS. HOLBROOK, Leverett street; JOS. T. BROWN, Washington street, and E. HOLDEN, Charles street, and the principle Drug stores in this city. 6m august 8

MATTRESSES, FEATHER

BEDS, TICKING, &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. No. 18, Union-street, have on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

J. G. F. & Co. have also on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms.
june 27

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water st, (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

☞A large discount made for cash. april 4

SILK GROWER'S GUIDE

JUST published by *RUSSELL, ODIORNE & CO.* the American Silk Grower's Guide, or the art of raising the Mulberry and Silk on the system of successive crops in each season, by Wm. Kenrick, author of the New American Orchardist, &c. Price 42 cents. sept 5

CHAMBERS'S

EDINBURGH JOURNAL

PART X.

THIS popular Family Journal, which has a circulation of nearly 200,000 copies monthly, is republished in this country at the low price of $1,50 per annum, or 12-2 cents a monthly part of 32 quarto pages. Part X. containing 54 articles, just received.
Waldie's Library, Part 2, No 12, for 1835.
Blackwood, Metropolitan and Foreign Quarterly 28
Scott's Complete Works, No 42.
Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Part 54.
British Critic, No 35.
American Quarterly Review, No 35 for September.
Catholic Magazine and Review, Nos 54 and 55.
Library of Useful Knowledge. Nos 187 to 191.
Received and ready for delivery by *SAMUEL COLMAN*, 20 Cornhill. sept 5

COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!

A. S. JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—ma3

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c.
april 4.

JOHNSON'S MEDICO CHIRURGICAL REVIEW,

AND Journal of Practical Medicine—No 60, this valuable Journal, just received by SAMUEL COLMAN, 18 and 20, Cornhill. a29

NOTICE.

REAL Estate and Intelligence Office, under No. 1, Washington street, head of Dock Square. The subscriber will devote his whole time and attention to the execution of any orders with which his friends and the public may favor him in the above business and relate to Messrs John D. & M. Williams.

JEREMIAH FOSTER.

N. B. Those who are in want of help will please leave their orders as above.

FOR SALE—A genteel three story brick dwelling house, situated on Salem place; the terms of payment will be made easy.

WANTED, to purchase or rent a small dwelling house in a respectable neighborhood in the vicinity of Hanover street.

Also, waned, a coachman, two men to tend bar, three men in private families, and an ostle sept 12

COPLAND'S

MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

PART III, is announced in Bent's London Advertiser to be issued in the month of April, and will probably arrive in this country in season to be ready for subscribers and others n July next S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. june 20

HINGHAM UMBRELLAS.

FOR SALE AT No. 61, WATER-STREET, (UP STAIRS)
CASES 32, 30 and 28 in. extra superior English Gingham UMBRELLAS, stamped borders;
Cases 30 in. do do do do Plain;
do 30 and 28 in. Black American do do;
do 30 in. do English do do very superior
do 30 and 32 in. Blk Silk UMBRELLAS, French style;
do 28 in. Gingham UMBRELLAS, bone stick.
Also—Double Foundation MUSLINS, constantly on hand. 3m july 11

NEW BOOKS.

WILL WATCH, From the autobiography of a British Officer, by the author of Cavendish, &c. 2 volumes.
The Token and *Atlantic Souvenir*, for 1836; Embellished with twelve splendid engravings.
The Gift for 1836; Edited by Miss Leslie; with engravings.
Memoirs of Great Commanders, G. P. R. James, in 2 volumes.
Nuts to Crack, or Quips, Quirks, Anecdotes and facts of Oxford and Cambridge Scholars.
For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, No 133 Washington street. sept 5

TO THE AFFLICTED!

DR. T. BELL has removed from his former residence to 45 South Russell Street, corner of May street, and tenders his services to the public. Having been forty years in the practice of physic both in Europe and America, he flatters himself of being able to give general satisfaction. For the last fifteen years he has adopted the vegetable medicine system—the advantages this system possesses over every other is sufficiently tested in every section of the Union. He will undertake the following disorders where there is a prospect of cure, viz: cancers, asthma, coughs of ever so long standing, scrofula, ulcers from whatever cause, &c. Also—liver complaints, diarrhoea, piles, worms, and jaundice.

N. B.—Also, a certain complaint, (in most cases without the use of mercury.) People of either sex may be introduced to the Doctor without seeing each other, and at the same time may rely upon secrecy and honor.

At the same place may be had the following medicines, and no where else—Bell's Eye Water, for weak or weeping eyes, an excellent article, 2s per vial—Tooth Paste, an invaluable article for preserving the enamel of the teeth, 2s per box—also, his Bilious Pills, that cannot be surpassed, and create no griping whatever, 3s per box. 6w sept 26

CORRECTED PROOFS.

UNDER the above title, it is proposed to publish in one volume, a selection from the Miscellaneous Writings of the Subscriber, embracing such *Tales*, *Sketches*, *Essays*, *&c.*, as he deems most worthy of collection, revision and republication; confining the standard of comparison altogether to his own writings.

It will be handsomely printed on fine paper, and neatly bound in cambric. *Terms*, Cash on the delivery of the book. *Price*, to persons ordering one copy, one dollar; to those ordering more, and to the Trade, the trade deduction. It will be put to press, when orders are received to warrant the undertaking, and determine the number of the edition. H. HASTINGS WELD.

, Subscriptions received by E. R. BROADERS, 127 Washington Street, at this Office, and at the Office of the BOSTON PEARL, No 19 Water Street. q sep 12

NEW STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES.

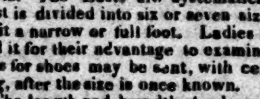
A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city. Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No 28, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N. B; Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.
feb 14 tf

PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trader liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN, Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co.
may 2



READY MADE.

CUSTOM SHOES.

JOHN KIMBALL, 24, keeps on hand and continues to make to order, Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fullness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter A is understood. No 198 Tremont street,
july 4 tf 6 doors from Court-st.

THE ORIGINAL

GOLDEN COMB.

A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, *alters and repairs*, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 32

THIS DAY

IS PUBLISHED, and to be had at most of the Bookstores—A Sketch of the Life of the Hon. HUGH L. WHITE, with remarks on the approaching Presidential Election. july 18

RECORD OF A SCHOOL,

EXEMPLIFYING the general principles of Spiritual Culture. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

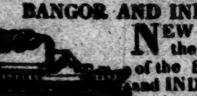
FANCY PRINTING,

CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, STORE AND SHOW BILLS,
PROMPTLY EXECUTED
IN THE NEATEST STYLE AT THE
GALAXY OFFICE,

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

BOSTON, PORTLAND AND BANGOR STEAM PACKETS.

BANGOR AND INDEPENDENCE.



NEW ARRANGEMENT, for the Remainder of the season, of the Steam Packets BANGOR and INDEPENDENCE, for Portland and Bangor.

With a view to accommodate the public, and by an arrangement made with the proprietors of the steamer Portland, the Steam Packet BANGOR, Capt S. H. Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, every Friday, at 5 o'clock P. M. for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening; will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Tuesday mornings at 6 o'clock.

The INDEPENDENCE, Capt. Thomas Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, Boston, every Monday Afternoon, at 5 o'clock, for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening. Returning, will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Friday mornings, at 6 o'clock.

All Freight, Baggage, Money or other valuables, are at the risk of the owners thereof.

No freight received on board within one hour of the time of sailing.

For further information, apply to J. W. GARNSEY, Agent at Bangor; E. R. MUDGE, Agent at Portland; to the Captain on board; to I. W. GOODRICH, No 58 Washington-street, Boston; M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf, (north part of the city.) sept 5

PERIODICALS FOR SEPT.

THE American Monthly Magazine, edited by C. F. Hoffman, author of 'Winter in the West,' and H. W. Herbert, author of 'The Brothers.'

Ladies, Book Ladies' Companion. Christian Examiner. Annals of Education. Horticultural Register.—Mechanics' Magazine. Apprentices Companion. Scientific Tracts. Blackwood's and Metropolitan Magazines and Foreign Quarterly Review. Waldie's Library. People's Magazine, &c. &c. S. COLMAN,
sept 5 20, Cornhill.

NEW HAT STORE.

ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 27 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

BOSTON

INDIA RUBBER FACTORY,

WAREHOUSE, No. 8 State-street, offer to the public a superior assortment of India Rubber Goods, consisting in part of the following kinds, viz:
Large and small BEDS; MATTRASSES; PILLOWS; SADDLES and SADDLE PADS.
Gentlemen's CLOAKS, and Garments of all descriptions.
Ladies' and Mechanics' APRONS.
CUSHIONS of all patterns
LIFE PRESERVERS, SWIMMING BELTS.
SPORTSMEN'S BOTTLES.
Men's, boys' and children's CAPS.
Together with a great variety of other articles, all manufactured by the above factory, and warranted of the first quality. Orders for all kinds of Rubber goods, promptly attended to.
july 25 FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

LINEN SHIRT

COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—
100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,
100 do do do Plain do do
200 do Medium quality do do do
150 do do Stitched do do do
300 do Common do Plain do do
Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.
☞Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

INDEX RERUM.

INDEX on Subjects intended as a Manual to aid the Student and the Professional Man, in preparing himself for usefulness, with an introduction illustrating its utility and method of use. By Rev John Todd. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. 2w sept 12

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley.—For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 8

MR. PADDON,

210, *WASHINGTON STREET.*
sept 12 tf

FRESH GOODS.

DENNIS & GRAFTON have taken a Store in the New Block, No. 41 Hanover street, where they have for sale a rich assortment of fresh and desirable Goods—among which are the following, viz.

Rich black Gro de Swiss Silks; do do Gro de Berlin do; do do Gro de Nap do; do col'd Gro de Nap do; do col'd Poult de Soie, (rich colors.)

Merino Shawls—an assortment of 6-4, 7-4, and 8-4 Shawls; also, a rich style of Broganza Shawls; English and French Prints, new and very elegant patterns; also, a prime assortment of Bishops' Lawn; Cambrics; Cambric Muslins; Sacharilla Cambrics; Mull Muslins; Long Lawns; Linens; Linen Damask; Patch; Tickings; Flannels; Robes; Linen Cambric Hdkfs, &c; also an assortment of Hosiery and Gloves, Domestic Goods, &c.

Just opened, 1 case English Merinos, of the French finish, very desirable colors, among which are brown, claret, mulberry, purple, and adelaide; also a few pieces of rich pearl colors, very delicate shades and superior fabric—all of which will be sold at unusual low prices for cash. august 22

RICH ENGRAVINGS.

THIS DAY received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A large variety of most beautiful Prints, most of which are entirely new, being recently imported from France consisting of Historical, Scripture, Landscape and fancy Engravings, Portraits of distinguished literary men, &c Some of which are—Jane Grey; Anne Bollen; The Deluge; The downfall of Babylon; The Crucifixion; The three Marys; Christ in the Garden; Village subjects; Anxiety and Repose; The four Seasons; The five senses; The Prediction; The Beloved; The Forsaken; Bishop Cheverus; Lord Brougham; Prince de Talleyrand; Rossina, &c. &c. august 29

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.

No 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON.

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons Caps with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions; Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needleholes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth.

Samples can be examined as above.

☞Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.
august 9 tf

COCHRANE'S

FOREIGN Q'T'LY REVIEW.

THIS work will be added to the Republication of Blackwood and the Metropolitan Magazine, and the three furnished to subscribers for $7 per year.

The ability which has acquired for the Foreign Quarterly Review its elevated character being transferred to the new has determined us in the above selection.

Those who are subscribers to the Reprint English Quarterlies may now become subscribers to the above-named works without thus obtaining duplicates of any. S. COLMAN, Pub. Blackwood &c. for N. E.
june 20

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS.

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. june 6

PRICE REDUCED.

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhea, Dysentary, Sore Mouth of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the Mucus membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal.—These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility, nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold

The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is, the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; and the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family, was ell as the rich.

N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, and will call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.

For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent. RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes 13 and 15 Cornhill; William Brown, 481 Washington street; Pearson & Rowland, 188 Washington street; Brewer & Brothers, 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st; E. S. Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leveret st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leveret st; J. L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; D. Henchman, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; C. French, 181 Hanover st; A. Boyden, 24 Hancock st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; J. F. Elliot, 81 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 33 Prince st; J. P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. Preston, corner of Federal and Williams st. may 2

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians.—Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 25

DR. J. K. PALMER'S

Compound Fluid Extract of
SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.

THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.

The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla, to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparill, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strenght, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use.

From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guaiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.

Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.

Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston. june 6

BURNS AND SCALDS

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangreen, &c. &c. &c Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever, when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than cay be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 128 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass,) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

BUTLER'S

EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The suprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of, the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strenght, and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article: it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing an unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemist, London.

Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE*, American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

GRATES, GRATES

BRYENT & HERMAN, at their Factory, No. 16, Water street, offer for sale the most extensive assortment of Cast Iron FRAME GRATES to be found in this city. They have some very neat and handsome patterns, suitable for marble fire places, equal in beauty and superior in durability to any other kind now in use.—Builders, and all others in want, will do well to examine these Grates before purchasing elsewhere.
august 22 3m

Compound Syrup of ICELAND MOSS

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.

ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.

The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained by observing their effect on brute animals—so is this invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by its effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs.

In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by

E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.

And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile on each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.

The above article may be obtained of PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover street. june 20

MAN'S GREATEST AND

—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—

HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an humble persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references and testimony respecting my own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual suffering from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been to me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristalic action in the stomach and intestines and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid, and bilious matter which they contain; and thus to remove biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility. Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages, in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly useful in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellence. In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would present the two following certificates from the Hon. John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained the reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.

JOHN W. TAYLOR.

Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.
Oct. 8, 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.

JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.

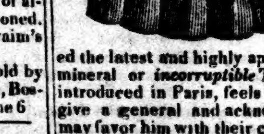
ANN POWEL.

Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.
april 18 1y

IMPROVEMENT ON

DENTAL SURGERY.



DR. B. T. PHILCOTT continues to perform all the necessary operations on the Teeth, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the mineral or *incorruptible* Teeth on gold plate, so recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

The subscriber has obtained the assistance of a gentleman who will devote himself exclusively to filling carious teeth with gold in the neatest manner, and prevent their further decay.

N. B.—A selection of assorted Tooth Brushes kept constantly for the accommodation of his patients. Also the Florentine Dentrifrice, a beautiful article for whitening the teeth, and yielding fragrance to the breath.

Persons requiring operations on the teeth will please call and see specimens at Office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3m july 4

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,

HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.

387, *WASHINGTON STREET.*

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.
may 30

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality, Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannister and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.
nov 1 1y

WATER PROOF PREMIUM GOODS

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets *and beds complete*—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows—Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by
nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston.

SUPERIOR STYLE

OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even weave. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen SHEETINGS.

The above Linens are put up to order and are warranted all pure linen. may 23

SUMMER STOCKS.

A beautiful article of silk bristles STOCKS, for summer wear, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street.
june 6